

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series {
Volume XXIV. }

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXLII. }

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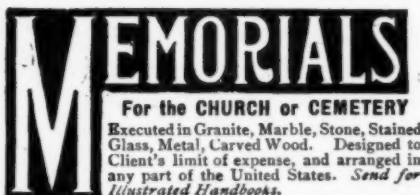
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SEVENTH SERIES
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXLII.

THE TSAR.*

The Emperor Nicholas II has already reigned for nearly two years, and ruled for fully eight; yet the concrete man, his individual character, and the order of motives to which it is sensible, are nearly all as legendary as those of Numa Pompilius. Clouds of journalistic myths, mainly of German origin, enwrap his figure, hiding it from the vulgar gaze as thoroughly as though he were the Dalai Lama; and the fanciful portrait which we are asked to accept is as abstract and as colorless as that of our legendary Russian princes. Beyond the precincts of the palace his person is transfigured, his most trivial deeds are glorified, and his least disinterested motives are twisted and pulled into line with the fundamental principles of ethics. The result is a caricature closely bordering on the grotesque. Nikolai Alexandrovitch is depicted as a prince of peace, a Slav Messiah sent for the salvation, not of his own people only, but of all the world. The most precious porcelain of human clay was lavished in the making of this unique

ruler, who stands upon a much higher level than that of the common run of mortals or of kings, in virtue, not only of the dread responsibilities laid upon him by the Most High, but also by reason of his own passionate love of humanity and his selfless devotion to the true and the good. In short, he is an "Übermensch" whose innate goodness of heart exceeds even his irresponsible power.

But no newspaper hero is a prophet in his own country for long; and Nicholas II did not play the part in Russia for more than a twelve-month. His father's reign had ended in utter moral exhaustion, in the blasting of hopes, the killing of enthusiasm, the blackness of despair. Better things were confidently expected of the son, because worse were rashly held to be impossible. But the credulous masses were again mistaken, and soon became conscious of their error. All Europe will know it soon.

Nicholas II began his reign in 1894 as a highly sensitive, retiring young man, who shrank instinctively from the fierce light that beats upon the throne.

* This article is from the pen of a Russian official of high rank.

In spite of his camp experience, he was still his mother's child, passivity his predominant trait, and diffidence one of its temporary symptoms. But that phase of his existence was short, and the change from the chrysalis to the butterfly very rapid.

Men still call vividly to mind the Emperor's first meeting with one of the historic institutions of the Empire. It was a raw November day in 1894. The members of the State Council, many of them veteran officials, who had served the Tsar's great-grandfather, were convened to do homage to the new monarch, and long before the time fixed were gathered together at the appointed place, their bodies covered with gorgeous costumes and their faces hidden with courtly masks expressive of awe and admiration. But he came and went like a whiff of wind in a sandy waste, leaving them rubbing their eyes. They had expected imperial majesty, but were confronted with childish constraint, a shambling gait, a furtive glance, and spasmodic movements. An undersized, pithless lad sidled into the apartment in which these hoary dignitaries were respectfully awaiting him. With downcast eyes, and in a shrill falsetto voice, he hastily spoke a single sentence: "Gentlemen, in the name of my late father, I thank you for your services," hesitated for a second, and then, turning on his heels he was gone. They looked at each other, some in amazement, others in pain, many uttering a mental prayer for the weal of the nation; and after an awkward pause they dispersed to their homes.

The nation's next meeting with his Majesty took place a few days later, upon an occasion as solemn as the first; but in the interval he had been hypnotized by M. Pobedonosteff, the lay-bishop of autocracy, who has the secret of spiritually anointing and intellectually equipping the chosen of the

Lord. The key-note of the Emperor's second appearance was dignity—inaccessible, almost superhuman dignity.

All Russia had been gathered together in the persons of the representatives of the Zemstvos or local boards—we may call them embryonic county councils—to do homage to his Majesty on his accession to the throne. Loyal addresses without number, drawn up in the flowery language of oriental servility, had been presented from all those institutions. One of these documents—and only one—had seemed to M. Pobedonosteff to smack of Liberalism. No less loyal in form or spirit than those of the other boards, the address drawn up by the council of Tver vaguely expressed the modest hope that his Majesty's confidence might not be wholly restricted to the bureaucracy, but would likewise be shared by the Russian people and by the Zemstvos, whose devotion to the throne was proverbial. This was a reasonable wish; it could not seriously be dubbed a crime; and, even if it bespoke a certain spirit of mild independence, it was after all the act of a single Zemstvo, whereas the men who had come to do homage to the Emperor were the spokesmen, not of one Zemstvo, but of all Russia. Yet the autocrat strode majestically into the brilliantly lighted hall, and with knitted brows and tightly drawn lips turned wrathfully upon the chosen men of the nation and, stamping his little foot, ordered them to put away such chimerical notions, which he would never entertain. Such was the Tsar's first imperious assertion of his divine vicereignty; and even staunch partisans of the autocracy blamed it as harsh and ill-advised.

Between those two public appearances of Nicholas II lay that short period of suggestion during which the impressionable youth had been made not so much to believe as to feel that

he was God's lieutenant, the earthly counterpart of his divine Master. From that time forward his Majesty has been filled with a spirit of self-exaltation which has gone on gaining strength, in accordance with the psychological law that pride usurps as much space as servility is ready to yield. Nikolai Alexandrovitch soon began to look upon himself as the centre of the world, the peacemaker of mankind, the torch-bearer of civilization among the "yellow" and other "barbarous" races, and the dispenser of almost every blessing to his own happy people. Taking seriously this his imaginary mission, he has meddled continuously and directly in every affair of State, domestic and foreign, thwarting the course of justice, undermining legality, impoverishing his subjects, boasting his fervent love of peace, and yet plunging his tax-burdened people into the horrors of a sanguinary and needless war.

Before setting forth a few of the many facts known personally to most of those who live in the shadow of the throne—facts which justify the foregoing estimate of his Majesty's mental state and character—it should be clearly understood that we are supporters of monarchy and opposed to nihilism, to socialism, and to every kind of revolutionary agitation. We do not wish even for a paper constitution, which, conditions being what they now are, would but serve as a trap for liberal-minded men, gathering them together for imprisonment or exile. Our sole desire, as it is that of most broad-minded men in Russia, is to see the spirit of administration made to harmonize with the needs of the time and of the people, and the institution known as the Council of Ministers—created by a ukase of Alexander II which has remained a dead letter—summoned and set to work; for, the people having out-

grown the ancient form of government, the fact should be openly admitted, and the practical conclusions drawn.

The only government suited to Russia is a strong monarchy; but between this and a wild oriental despotism there is a difference. Nicholas II, although not guided by his official advisers, has never been a free and independent ruler. During the first part of his reign he was kept in leading-strings by his mother, who, as soon as he ascended the throne, impressed upon him the necessity of imitating in all things his "never-to-be-forgotten father." That phrase was engraven upon the tablets of his memory, and is ever at the tip of his tongue and the point of his pen. For long it was the "open sesame" to his heart and mind, because he strives conscientiously to be a perfected copy of Alexander III, and believes that he has already attained the end. In reality the two men are as far asunder as the positive and negative poles. The father, sincere, gloomy and narrow-minded, at least instinctively felt his limitations, and steadily kept within them. He strove with indomitable perseverance and occasional success to secure within the narrow circle of his acquaintances the best men, and, having once chosen an adviser, always asked his counsel, and usually followed it. Again, breach of faith was an abomination to him, and his word was regarded as better than any bond, in spite of his mistaken attitude towards the Finns, and his broken promise in regard to Batoum. But in all these characteristics the son is the very opposite to his father. Unsteady, half-hearted, self-complacent, and fickle, he changes his favorites with his fitful moods, allowing a band of casual, obscure, and dangerous men to usurp the functions of his responsible ministers, whose recommendations are ignored, whose warnings are disregarded, and whose measures for the defence of the

State are not only baffled, but resented as symptoms of disobedience.

The sway wielded by his mother over Nicholas II soon came to an end, owing chiefly to differences between herself and her daughter-in-law on the subject of the Emperor's children. In the course of that rivalry the strenuous opposition of the young wife checked the influence of the mother over the son. One of the consequences of this domestic struggle for the mastery was that the Emperor freed himself partially, and for a time, from unofficial control; and his first spontaneous act, in the second year of his reign, was to appoint M. Goremykin, a man devoid of qualifications, to the post of Minister of the Interior (1896). This official remained in power for three years, and was then translated to the presidency of the Committee of Ministers—a sort of respectable refuge for ex-statesmen. His successor, M. Sipyaghin, chosen by the influence of the Dowager Empress, who pointed out that he had been favorably noticed by "your never-to-be-forgotten father," deserves a few words of mention. For, next to a man's acts examined in the light of his avowed motives, there can be no safer guide to his moral character and mental vigor than his choice of associates and fellow-workers; and some monarchs' claims to the gratitude of their subjects are founded, like those of old Kaiser Wilhelm, entirely upon the wise selections which they made, and the tenacity with which they clung to their ministers through thick and thin. Judged by this standard, Nicholas II will be ranked amongst the most unfortunate rulers of the Russian people.

His second choice, M. Sipyaghin, was nicknamed "the Boyarin," from his extreme love of ancient Russian customs and traditions, and the childish ways in which he manifested them. Intellectually Bœotian, but socially agreeable, he was a welcome guest in the

houses of our nobility, where tea-table gossip is at a high premium. His political force lay in the thoroughness with which he threw himself into the part of courtier, and the skill with which he acted it. Ever blithe, his face wreathed in smiles, his words sweetened with the honey of adulation, he infected his master and many of his own equals with the optimism of *Candide*. All was for the best in that best of states, Russia, thanks to the greatest and best of monarchs, Nicholas II. That was the faith of Sipyaghin, who loved his sovereign sincerely, and mistook that love for patriotic duty. In return the Emperor warmed to him, making him not his friend only, but his comrade, and singling him out for special marks of favor. For instance, although his Majesty, as a rule, never dines or sups at the house of a minister, he made an exception for M. Sipyaghin.

M. Sipyaghin's ascendancy over Nicholas II reached a point at which the jealousy of M. Pobedonostseff was aroused: it touched even religion. For the Minister of the Interior, encroaching in his light, off-hand manner upon the domain of the Chief Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, induced the Tsar to visit Moscow and spend Passion week there; and the trip was successful beyond expectation. On this pilgrimage M. Sipyaghin treated the Emperor as Potyemkin dealt with Catherine II; he enveloped him in an atmosphere of popular affection, surrounded him with signal proofs of his subjects' prosperity, intoxicated him with the wine of self-satisfaction. But while his Majesty was thanking heaven that his people were happier than foreigners, millions of his best subjects were being despoiled of their hard-earned money, and many were being imprisoned or banished, some for obeying the commands of God, others for infringing the unjust laws of the

Government. M. Sipyaghin, who was not a cruel man at heart, was hated as the champion and inspirer of this misrule. Friends warned him to be on his guard; but, replying that he would continue to do his duty, he went light-heartedly on his way.

On Monday, April 14, 1901, he invited his Majesty to dinner for the following Thursday; and the Emperor graciously consented. In the domestic circle and the State department preparations were at once made for the repast. Officials of the ministry were dispatched in search of a special kind of big strawberries, larger than those which were to be found at Yellseyeff's in the Nevsky Prospekt. Flery gipsies were engaged to sing before royalty; telegrams were dispatched to Paris for prize chickens, piping hot pancakes were ordered *à la Russe* to be eaten with cold caviare; despatches were sent to the caterer Prospere, of Kharkoff, for dainties for the imperial palate; and many officials of the ministry scoured the capital for piquant delicacies. But on the Thursday fixed for the imperial repast, Sipyaghin's body was carried to its last resting-place. The minister had been assassinated by a youth named Balmashoff, not twenty-one years old, as a warning and a protest.

His Majesty now had another opportunity for showing his judgment and gratifying his predilections. Amenable chiefly to tangible and visible influences, his choice fell upon M. de Plehve, who speedily developed into the formidable Dictator of All the Russias. This official is tolerably instructed, possesses an intricate acquaintance with the seamy side of human nature, knows how to touch deftly the right cords of sentiment, prejudice, or passion, and can keep his head in the most alarming crisis. When state

dignitaries and officials lost their nerve on the tragic death of Alexander II, M. de Plehve, then public prosecutor, was cool, self-possessed, resourceful. These qualifications were duly noted, and his promotion was rapid; he became successively Director of the Police Department, and Secretary of the Council of the Empire, where he helped to ruin the Finnish nation before the destinies of 150,000,000 Russians were finally placed in his hands.

M. de Plehve cannot be classified by nationality, genealogy, church, or party. Of obscure parentage, of German blood with a Jewish strain, of uncertain religious denomination,¹ his ethical worth was gauged aright years ago by his colleagues in the Ministry of Justice, and recently again in the Council of Ministers. Aware of their hostile judgment, his first acts were calculated to modify it. He set out for the sacred shrine near Moscow, the Troitsko-Serghieffsky Monastery, where he devoutly received Holy Communion at the hands of an orthodox priest. While he was thus displaying his piety in view of his subordinates, the peasants in Kharkoff and Poltava were being cruelly flogged by his orders for showing signs of disaffection. Visiting those provinces in person, M. de Plehve promptly awarded the governor of Kharkoff for flogging the malcontents at once, and punished the governor of Poltava for flogging them only as an afterthought.

That revolt of the peasants, which was repeated in Saratoff and elsewhere, marks an era in Russian history, for it resulted in M. de Witte's commission of inquiry into the condition of the agricultural classes in Russia, and in that minister's fall. The marshals of the nobility were empowered to summon members of the

¹ M. de Plehve's father died recently; and the powerful minister called personally on the Lutheran pastor asking him to perform the fun-

eral service speedily and unostentatiously. He was loth to let it be known that he, a pillar of orthodoxy, was the son of a Protestant.

Zemstvo, landed proprietors, and anybody else who could enlighten them in their investigations. Peasants too were asked to give their views; and all were encouraged to speak out freely. And this was the question asked: If the peasantry are materially impoverished and physically degenerating, if their live-stock is dwindling to nothing, and if the food they eat is less in quantity and worse in quality than ever before, is Nature to blame or man? And if man, what man? The results of the enquiry were convincing; for, without previous consultation, those spokesmen of various social classes throughout Russia, whose interests conflict in many ways, were practically at one in their opinion. Partial to euphemisms, they condemned the system of administration. Dotting their i's and crossing their t's, M.-de Plehve called that system by the name of autocracy; and no Russian can honestly say that he was wrong.

The reform inaugurated by Alexander II, when he struck off the fetters of serfdom, ought, so these commissioners held, to be further developed. The peasants should be freed from the shackles of special penal legislation. They should be taught to read, to keep themselves clean in body and in soul, to cope with the horrible diseases which in their ignorance they now communicate to each other, to shake off the network of superstition which is eating away their spiritual nature as the poison of infection is undermining their physique, and to fit themselves for trade and industry. That was the opinion of all Russia's representatives—noblemen, landed proprietors, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen and peasants. Yet the men who uttered it were punished for their audacity. M. de Witte had exhorted them to speak their minds; the Tsar punished them for obeying his minister; and M. de Plehve encouraged the Tsar.

That Land Commission was the turning-point in the career of M. de Witte, whose services the Emperor had inherited from his "never-to-be-forgotten father." The ease with which the minister fell into disfavor, and the irrelevant grounds on which he was dismissed, are characteristic of the Tsar's arbitrary ways of thinking and acting. M. de Witte is a statesman of high powers—and great limitations—a financier whose earlier policy did, I believe, much harm, as his mature acts did much good, to the nation. As minister, he came eventually to understand the needs of his time and country, and sought with alternating success and failure to satisfy them; his work was a mixture of promise, achievement and failure. If the one-eyed man is necessarily the leader in the kingdom of the blind, M. de Witte deserved to be the head of the Government in contemporary Russia. But the members of the *camarilla* refused to have him, and, with the monarch's support, they proved more powerful than he. For they already had brought things to such a pass that none can now serve Russia as ministers but such as are skilful in flattering the Tsar; and M. de Witte was not one of these. He not only spoke freely to Nicholas II, but refused to change his opinion in accordance with the Emperor's desires. He also declined to dupe the foreign Powers. "Your Majesty pledged your word to evacuate Manchuria, and the world believed you. Russia will now lose all credit, and perhaps not even gain Manchuria, if it please your Majesty to break that pledge. War also will follow, and we sorely need peace. Besides, Manchuria is useless to us. Therefore I cannot be a party to this policy." Thus plainly spoke the Finance Minister, heedless of courtly phraseology. "Witte is a haughty dictator, who gives himself the air of an Emperor." So spoke the courtiers

among themselves and to his Majesty through the Grand Dukes. And the autocrat, wrathful that a subject should oppose his wishes and refuse to co-operate with him in professing to work for peace while provoking war, dismissed him. To the Russian nation that loss meant great bloodshed, vast expense, wide-spread misery: what else it involves we cannot yet say.

M. de Plehve is now the most influential personage in the Russian Empire—a Muscovite Grand Vizier, who wields absolute power over what we may be pardoned for calling the greatest nation on the globe; and he holds his position at the pleasure of his imperial master. Whether he remains in office or is dismissed to-morrow depends, not on the good or the evil that may result from his arbitrary administration, but on the success which attends his endeavors to keep the Tsar in countenance and to persuade the wayward monarch that autocracy is safe in his hands. The massacres of Jews, the banishment of Finns, the spoliation of Armenians, the persecution of Poles, the exile of Russian nobles, the flogging of peasants, the imprisonment and butchery of Russian working men, the establishment of a wide-spread system of espionage, and the abolition of law, are all measures which the minister suggests and the Tsar heartily sanctions. M. de Plehve, like his colleagues, would not be minister if his régime were really helpful to the country. That is the unpalatable truth which must be told about the government of Nicholas II.

Another of the Tsar's well-beloved advisers is M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, who has cheerfully and steadily subordinated all justice to the personal vagaries of his sovereign. He is one of those plastic public men, of the type of Bertrand Barère, whom one finds in all countries in a state of social and political chaos. To-day there

is no limit to his subserviency to the Emperor; to-morrow no man would be surprised to see him vote with Russian Jacobins for the suppression of the autocracy. Through him the law courts receive timely hints about the wishes of the Crown in those cases which interest the rulers of Russia.

It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that the Emperor is a tool in the hands of his ministers; it is they who are his instruments, merely suggesting measures palatable to the monarch and formulating his will. They make him feel that what he thinks is correct, what he says is true, what he does is right. This Hobbesian view of his position has been carefully engrafted upon his mind by the two theorists of autocracy, M. Pobedonostseff and Prince Meshtshersky. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, a cold-blooded fanatic of the Torquemada type, is the champion of oriental despotism in its final stage, equipped with railways, telegraphs, telephones, and rifles, and hallowed with canonizations, incense, and holy oil; the feats of Ivan the Terrible achieved with the blessings of St. Seraphim. Of Prince Meshtshersky, the editor of the "*Grashdanin*" and the private counsellor of the Tsar, it would be difficult to convey an adequate picture without introducing scenes which would offend the taste of the non-Russian public. His political ideas are those of the Dahomey of fifty years ago or the Bokhara of to-day, modified in two important points. According to him, every governor of a province, every peasant-prefect, should share the irresponsible power of the autocrat, and when dealing with the peasantry need observe no law.

"Questions of the Zemstvo have no more to do with law courts," he writes, "than questions of family life. If a father may chastise his son severely without invoking the help of the courts, the authorities—local, provincial, and

central—should be invested with a similar power to imprison, flog, and otherwise overawe or punish the people.”²

The Tsar, then, is what inherited tendencies and the doctrines of Pobedonostseff and Meshtshersky have made him. Between humanity and divinity he is a *tertium quid*. Such is the doctrine of the two theorists of autocracy; such the conviction of their pupil. He is the one essence in the Empire; they are his organs. Hence they strive to please him, to carry out his behests, to anticipate his wishes, to suggest plans in harmony with his fixed ideas or passing moods. Necessarily also they color and distort facts, events, and consequences; for, while he can appreciate effects, his faculty of discerning their relations to causes is almost atrophied. He is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting with windmills, conversing with saints, or consulting the spirits of the dead. But of the means at hand for helping his people or letting them help themselves he never avails himself. Books he has long ago ceased to read, and sound advice he is incapable of listening to. His ministers he receives with great formality and dismisses with haughty condescension. They are often kept in the dark about matters which it behooves them to know thoroughly and early. Thus, shortly after the present war had begun, a number of dignitaries and officials gathered round General Kuropatkin one day and asked him how things were going on. With a malicious twinkle in his eye the War Minister replied: “Like yourselves, I know only what is published. The war is Alexeyeff’s business, not mine.” When three ministers implored the Tsar to evacuate Manchuria and safeguard the peace of the world, he answered:

“I shall keep the peace and my own counsel as well.” To one of the Grand Dukes, who, on the day before the rupture with Japan, vaguely hinted at the possibility of war, the Emperor said: “Leave that to me. Japan will never fight. My reign will be an era of peace to the end.” With such little wisdom are the affairs of great nations directed.

The pity of it is that there is no intermediary between the isolated sovereign and the disaffected nation, no one who has free access to the monarch for the purpose of telling him the truth. Our history records the deeds of emperors whose authority was as absolute as is his; but they were not inaccessible to public opinion, indifferent to public needs, or deprived of the counsel of strong men. Alexander I was wont to spend whole nights in talking freely and frankly to individuals who told him what they knew and thought. Nicholas I profited by the services of Benckendorff, to whom Russians could speak plainly, and who had the courage to tell his master what was needed. Alexander II was served by Count Adlerberg, who played a similar part with tolerable success. General Richter was the mentor of Alexander III, and his influence was powerful and beneficent. But Nicholas II stands alone on his dizzy pedestal, a Simon Stylites among monarchs. His adjutant, Hesse, who is privileged to see him at all times; is an officer who can scarcely write his name. The Tsar has created a gulf between the autocracy and the people, between himself and his fellow mortals, which is nearly as deep and as broad as that which separates the deity from mankind.

Many educated Russians are wont to compare their present Emperor with Feodor Ivanovitch, the weak-willed, feeble-minded son of Ivan IV. But there were points even in that monarch’s favor which we miss in the

² This doctrine, frequently laid down in the “Grashdanin,” was clearly expressed in that paper on March 1, 1904.

life of Nicholas II. He was at least conscious of his weaknesses. "I am the Tsar of executioners!" his artistic biographer makes him exclaim, on an historic occasion. And, after all, his own weakness was more than outweighed by the strength of will of his prompter, the great statesman Boris Godunoff. The sad conviction is now rapidly gaining ground that Nicholas II is getting to resemble in certain ways the unfortunate Paul I. He is eminently unfit to control personally the destinies of a great people; and he is, unfortunately, ignorant of his unfitness. That is the danger which hangs over Russia at home, and over Russia's peaceful neighbors abroad. Deep-rooted faith in his own ability prompts him to shun men whose statesmanship might shield his people from the consequences of his faults, and to choose officials who will serve merely as tools in his unsteady hands. Consequently his choice of favorites and of ministers is deplorable. Thus the idea that he should have offered the post of Minister of Public Instruction to a man so entirely and deservedly discredited as Prince Meshtshersky embitters those of his subjects who are aware of the facts as much as would the appointment in England of such a man as Jabez Balfour to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

A great deal has been written about the Tsar's love of peace, his clemency, his benevolence, and his fairness; but the Russian authors of these eulogies belong to the category of flatterers, who, when his Majesty sleeps, are busy quoting profound passages from his snoring. His reputation as a staunch friend of peace is but the reflex of the views laboriously impressed upon him by M. de Witte, whose whole policy, good and evil, was based upon peace. But, owing to the defective condition of that faculty by which the mind

traces effects to causes and calculates results, all he does contributes to bring about the very ends which he abhors.

In the conduct of state affairs the Tsar is reserved and formal. Like his father, when presiding over a committee or council he listens in silence to the opinions of others, almost always withholding his own. He sometimes departs from this rule when he wishes to give a certain direction to the discussion. It was thus when M. de Plehve brought in the bill to enlarge the arbitrary powers of provincial governors, proposing that these officials should be the representatives not only of the government but also of the autocrat, and should therefore share his powers. The Emperor then opened the sitting with a few words to the effect that he concurred in that view. In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors, and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless; for even such trivial remarks as, "I am very glad," "God grant it may be so," are published in large type in the newspaper, glazed over in the manuscript, and carefully preserved in the archives like the relics of a saint. But the most interesting are never published; and of these there is a choice collection. Here is one. A report of the negotiations respecting the warship "Manchur" was recently laid before him by Count Lamsdorff. The tenor of it was that the Chinese authorities had summoned the "Manchur" to quit the neutral harbor of Shanghai at the repeated and urgent request of the Japanese consul there. On the margin of that report his Majesty penned the memorable words: "The Japanese consul is a scoundrel."

The Emperor imagines it to be the

right and the duty of the Autocrat of All the Russias to intervene personally in every affair that interests himself or has any bearing on his mission. The instances of this uncalled-for personal action are nearly as numerous as his official acts; and the consequences of several are written in blood and fire in the history of his reign. They have undermined the sense of legality; and the end of legality is always the beginning of the reign of violence. The saddest part of the story is that, the more unsteady he becomes, the more vigorously he sweeps away the last weak barriers which stand between the autocracy and folly or injustice, such as the Council of the Empire, the Committee of Ministers, and the Senate. A few examples will enable the reader to judge for himself. The late Minister of Public Instruction, Sanger, who was not an enemy to instruction like so many of his predecessors, brought in a bill changing a preparatory grammar school in Lutzk, supported by voluntary subscriptions, into a complete one. It was a useful measure; and the Council of the Empire, having taken cognizance of it, passed it unanimously. On the report, as presented to the Tsar, his Majesty wrote: "No. I disagree entirely with the Council of the Empire. I hold that we must encourage technical and not classical education." The bill was killed, and Sanger resigned; but neither technical nor classical education is encouraged.

The Senate, being a judicial and also an administrative institution, can pass resolutions which, if approved by the majority and not opposed by the Minister of Justice, have the force of law. But neither the Council of the Empire nor the Committee of Ministers can enact a law, because their decisions have to be referred to the Tsar, who may agree with the proposal of the majority or the protest of the minority,

or ignore both and act on his own initiative. Alexander III usually took the side of the minority; and his son and successor has followed his example religiously. He has also established a practice of first approving the bill in principle and then allowing the minister to send it before the Council or the Committee, so that all the members know beforehand the opinion of the monarch. But if the majority is bold or honest enough to throw it out, the Tsar always adopts the view of the minority.

Here is an amusing case which characterises our government and our rulers. A bill was introduced to indemnify landed proprietors in the Baltic provinces for the losses they had incurred through the government monopoly of alcohol. M. de Witte held that the sum of several millions should be paid over to them in the course of a number of years; the majority maintained that it ought to be paid at once. M. de Witte first informed the Tsar of this divergence; and his Majesty promised to confirm the view of the minority. The minister then wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Council, M. de Plehve, telling him that the Emperor had promised to confirm the decision of the minority so soon as the documents were placed before him. M. de Plehve freely communicated this announcement to all the members. Then many officials, seeing that opposition would be fruitless, changed their views, or their votes, so that the minority unexpectedly became the majority. In the course of time the documents were laid before the Tsar, who remembered only that he had pledged himself to M. de Witte to reject the proposal of the majority. Accordingly, without reading the papers or taking further thought, he redeemed his promise; and the wrong bill became law.

The course of justice, civil and

criminal, is liable to be impeded in the same way. Here is an example. A certain person incurred large debts in St Petersburg, and was declared bankrupt. In the ordinary course of law his estates were to be sold and the creditors satisfied. The Tula Bank was charged with the sale of the estates; but the Tsar, having meanwhile been asked to interfere, issued an order stopping the sale and suspending the operation of the law. An action was brought against Princess Imeretinsky by her late husband's heirs. The Princess, who had powerful friends, privately petitioned his Majesty to intervene on her behalf, and her prayer was granted. The Tsar ordered the plaintiffs to be nonsuited and the action quashed; and his will was duly executed. In the third case, some noblemen sold their estates to merchants; the transactions were properly carried out and legally ratified. But the Tsar, by his own power, cancelled the deed of sale and ordered the money and the estates to be returned to their previous owners. Such instances of interference with the course of justice might easily be multiplied.

Of the course of justice in political trials little need be said. The prosecution of the murderers of the Kishineff Jews is fresh in the memory of all. An incident unparalleled in our history before the present reign rendered that trial celebrated for all time; the counsel for the prosecution in the civil case threw up their briefs and left the court because of the systematic denial of justice to their clients. When the flogging cases were heard in the Government of Poltava last year a similar course was taken by the lawyers. The rights which our laws bestow upon prisoners were so persistently denied them that the advocates of the accused peasants had no choice but to throw up their briefs and leave the court. In every political trial the

Minister of Justice closes the doors; and he is prepared to do the same in any civil lawsuits if either of the parties has influence at Court. Peasant malcontents are flogged without trial or accusation, working men are shot down when parading the streets. In all this M. Muravieff, the human embodiment of Russian law, the Minister of Justice, is the executioner of justice and the executor of unrighteousness.

Yet, undoubtedly, the power of the autocracy could be employed to further the cause of humanity, enlightenment, and justice, if such were the will of him who wields it. A single word from the Tsar would cause a profound change to come over the condition of the country and the sentiments of his people. The responsibility for his acts cannot be laid upon the shoulders of his ministers, whose advice he refrains from seeking in the most dangerous crises of his reign. It was not his ministers who prompted him to break the promise he had given to evacuate Manchuria; they entreated him to keep it. It was not they who proposed that he should curtail the power for good still left to such institutions as the Council of the Empire, the Committee of Ministers, and the governing Senate. It was not they who impelled him to make the monarchy ridiculous by seeking wisdom in the evocation of spirits and strength in the canonization of saints. It was not they who urged him to break up the Finnish nation by a series of iniquitous measures worthy of an oriental despot of ancient Babylon or Persia; on the contrary, they assured him in clear and not always courtly phraseology that justice and statesmanship required him to stay his hand. It was not his official advisers who suggested that he should despoil the Armenian Church of its property and endowments, while leaving all other religious communities in the possession of theirs, and should punish

with bullets and cold steel the zealous members of that Church who protested in the name of their religion and conscience. Almost all his ministers united for once in warning him that this was an act of wanton spoliation, and in conjuring him to abandon or modify his scheme. But, deaf to their arguments, he insisted on having his own way.

The Tsar's reign has therefore brought everything into a state of flux; nothing is stable with us as in other countries. No traditions, no rights, no laws are respected, there are only ever-increasing burdens, severer punishments, and never dwindling misery and suffering. The Tsar's meddling unsettles the whole nation and disquiets even the obscure individual, because nobody is sure that his turn will not come tomorrow. Thus, on the one hand, a whole county council in Tver, with its members, its officials, its schools, doctors, teachers, and statisticians, was lately annihilated by a stroke of the imperial pen; while, on the other hand, a general here, a journalist there, lawyers, physicians, officials, have been seized in various part of the country and imprisoned or banished. Under Paul I only those who were in the neighborhood of the Emperor had reason to apprehend his outbursts of eccentricity; but Nicholas II has sent genuine pashas like Prince Galitzin and General Bobrikoff³ to govern the provinces; and these men are as arbitrary as himself.

What strange and unpleasant mishaps may befall private persons can be inferred from a few examples. A short time ago a journalist of the capital, who writes with considerable verve, was packed off to Siberia—not in a day or an hour, but in a twinkling. His

crime? The Tsar's imagination worked upon by an over-zealous priest. One day early in 1902 M. Amphitheatroff published a moderately interesting article describing the home circle of a landed proprietor, whom he depicted as very firm and strict with his family, and so scrupulous in his dealings with the other sex that he boiled with indignation if his wife's chamber-maid flirted with any male relative or stranger. He had a sympathetic son, with eyes like a gazelle's—a well-meaning youth who wished everybody to be happy, but possessed no ideas on practical matters. The kind-hearted mother sat between father and son, tenderly loving both. It was an idyllic picture of Russian life at its best—and nothing more. The censor read it and saw nothing wrong. The minister, Sip-yaghin, glanced at it and passed on cheerfully to his hot pancakes and cold caviare. The Tsar himself perused it and liked it, it was "such a pleasing picture of the serene life of a Russian squire." But the Emperor's chaplain, Yanisheff, desecrated high treason between the lines. According to him, the landed proprietor, who struck the table with his fist whenever he heard of a little flirtation on the part of his wife's maid, was no other than the Emperor Alexander III; the son with the sympathetic eyes and vacillating character was Nicholas II. As the portrait, if intended as such, was not flattering, it needed audacity on the part of the priest to say, "Sire, the ingenuous youth of limited ideas is obviously your Majesty"; and the Tsar must be credited with a large dose of naïveté to have been persuaded that the cap fitted the Imperial head. He at once summoned and questioned Sip-yaghin. "Yes, I read the feuilleton, your Majesty, but noticed nothing offensive in it." "Well," replied the Emperor, "you may take it from me that it is a treasonable skit on my never-to-be-

³ Since this article was written, General Bobrikoff, Governor of Finland, was assassinated at Helsingfors, June 16.

forgotten father and myself. Send the scoundrel to Siberia." And to Siberia he was whisked away, without a chance to buy warm clothing for the journey or to get money for his needs. It was not much consolation to M. Amphitheatroff that he was subsequently pardoned for a crime of which he was innocent, and then banished to Vologda, where he is now undergoing his punishment.

Under Nicholas I, when serfdom still prevailed in Russia, such arbitrary acts were not unknown. But even that autocrat treated the persons whom he exiled with a certain paternal kindness foreign to his namesake. Thus, in 1826, the poet Poleshayeff, who had written some verses to which the police took exception, was dispatched to the army as a common soldier. But the stern autocrat gave him an audience on the eve of his departure, spoke kindly to him, kissed him on the forehead, and said, "Go and mend your ways." And in those days of absolutism no Russian general was ever packed off to the Far East, by way of punishment for taking broad-minded views of the people's needs, as General Kuzmin-Karavayeff, professor at the Military Judicial Academy of St. Petersburg, was a few weeks ago, by the express orders of the Tsar. MM. Falberg and Pereverzoff, two gentlemen who, at the Congress of Technical Education held in St. Petersburg last January, hissed the instigators of the Kishineff massacres, were also seized by the police, and, without trial or question, without even time to put on warm clothing, were hurried off to Yakutsk, the very coldest part of the inhabited globe. "Severity, served up cold, is the only way with empire-wreckers," as M. de Plehve remarked. In like manner M. Annensky, an old man who lived at peace with all the world, was suddenly expelled by the police from his home and city because a spy accused him in error of

having pronounced a speech a few days before at the funeral of Mikhailovsky, the editor of a review. Everybody knew and knows that Annensky did not utter a word on that occasion. But a spy made a blunder; Annensky suffered for it; and there was no redress.

In all these measures, in their most trivial details, the Tsar takes an eager and personal interest, because he treats them as part of the defence of autocracy. He knows, therefore, what is being done in his name; he expressly, and in writing, approves coercion and the many novel forms of it brought into vogue by the *âme damnée* of autocracy, M. de Plehve. Thus he conferred a star upon Prince Obolensky for his energy in flogging the peasants of the Government of Kharkoff until some of them died; he even raised this zealous official to the unique rank of Lieutenant-general of the Admiralty—a post of which the Russian public had never heard before. He appointed M. Kleighels, one of the most corrupt of police officials, to be his general adjutant. At this the nation, and even the Court, murmured audibly, for no police officer had ever received this rank. But the Tsar set their dissatisfaction at naught, and made Kleighels Governor-general of Kieff. A minister timidly hinted to his Majesty that all Russia hated Kleighels, and that so unpopular an official would hardly succeed in administering so difficult a province as Kieff. But Nikolai Alexandrovitch answered, "I care nothing for what they say. I know what I am doing."

So far, one of the most salient results of his Majesty's return towards the epoch of serfdom has been the estrangement of almost every class from the dynasty and its chief. For a nation like Russia, which cannot yet dispense with the monarchical form of government, this is a calamity. The nobles are generally on the side of the people, which, unfortunately, is not

that of their ruler. A example of this attitude was given by an ex-minister, Prince Vyazemsky, who publicly condemned the conduct of the police in flogging the students in the Nevsky Prospekt. The nobles of Tver have not only spoken but suffered for the popular cause, which the Tsar spurns as impious and punishes as treasonable. In order to extinguish this resistance, the Emperor has lately signified his wish to confer such powers upon every governor of a province as will enable him to deport any person, without trial or accusation, not only for a political offence, but for disagreeing with the views of his Excellency the Governor on any local question. Arbitrary regulations have lately been issued by the Chief of the Police in St. Petersburg, by the Governor-general of Moscow, and by the governors of other provinces, which supersede the laws of the Empire; and any infringement of them is visited with fines of R. 3000—and larger sums in Poland—and three months' imprisonment besides. Governors upon whom special powers have been conferred can now oblige a landed proprietor to do anything which they hold to be requisite for what they call public order. If such a governor wishes to fine and imprison the owner of an estate whom he dislikes he has but to send a policeman to seek and find a rubbish heap or a pool of water in the courtyard, and the end is attained.

The English reader, for whose admiration many fancy portraits of the Autocrat of All the Russias have been drawn, may ask how these things can be reconciled with the manifesto promulgated by his Majesty on March 11, 1903, which promised certain reforms to his people. The answer is that the manifesto was a mere display of fireworks. That document, which made a stir in Russia

and abroad, was drawn up by M. de Plehve and altered again and again by the Tsar himself, until he had elaborated a statement of which the form was solemn and the contents trivial. Setting aside its mere frothy phraseology, the only tangible reforms it foreshadowed were the abolition of the joint responsibility of the peasants for taxation and the maintenance of religious tolerance. As foreigners understand religious tolerance better than the incidence of taxation, let us briefly compare the imperial promise touching religion with the imperial achievement.

Since he issued the manifesto, Nicholas II has done nothing for religious tolerance and very much against it. The Jews have been persecuted even more cruelly and more extensively than before his welcome words were uttered. The Emperor's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, who is Governor-general of Moscow, has made it a sort of sport to hunt out the Jews and drive them from the city. Anti-semites who go further are safe from punishment, and would find many imitators if the pastime were less obnoxious to the people of the United States. Jewish surgeons and doctors have been gathered in large numbers and sent to meet danger or death in the Far East. Roman Catholics are ceaselessly worried in their work, insulted in their religious sentiments, and almost forcibly driven into Orthodoxy by spiteful orders unworthy of a Christian government. To belong to the Armenian Church is to be branded with the mark of Cain; and it is sometimes worse to be a Russian non-conformist than to worship idols or to poison one's neighbor.

A golden opportunity arose for the fulfilment of the Tsar's promise shortly after it had been made. The new Russian penal code was then being drawn up; and the section dealing with crimes against faith was under dis-

cussion. Here the Emperor's mild and tolerant spirit was expected to bring about great and desirable changes. But the hope was disappointed. One change was made for the better, but only one. An Orthodox believer who wishes to leave his denomination may henceforward go abroad and there change his religion without fear of punishment, whereas formerly he was liable to pains and penalties. That is all. But, even now, if such a man, being unable to go abroad, should ask a Russian Lutheran or Roman Catholic priest to receive him into his Church, the minister in question must refuse. To comply with the request would entail severe punishment.

There can be no mistake about the Emperor's personal action in hindering his subjects from serving God in their own way, for it was vigorous, personal, and direct. Whenever the existing institutions or the responsible ministers were inclined to loosen the grip of the law on the conscience of the individual, the Tsar's veto formed an insuperable impediment. Examples are numerous. The following is instructive. The laws dealing with religious misdemeanors being under discussion, a minority of the Council of the Empire steadily advocated toleration; but at every turn his Majesty sided with the majority. Once, and only once, the bulk of the members favored a clause which was reasonable and humane; and then the Emperor quashed their decision without hesitation. The question was: If a Russian who is Orthodox only in name, and something else—say Lutheran—in reality, asks a clergyman of his adopted Church to administer the sacrament to him on his deathbed, should the minister be punishable if he complied? The Council of the Empire, by a considerable majority, answered "no"; and their arguments were clear and forcible. So plain was

the case that even the Grand Dukes took the side of the majority. But the Tsar, putting down his foot, said, "A clergyman who shall administer the sacraments of his Church to such a man shall be treated as a law-breaker; it is a crime"; and his decision has received the force of law. As this declaration of the imperial will was made after the manifesto, to speak of the Emperor's tolerant views would be satirical.

Another instance took place, also after the promulgation of that "Magna Carta" of Russian liberty. Baron Uexkull von Gildenband proposed that certain sections of the population, who had been forced several years ago to join the Orthodox Church, all of them against their will and some even without their knowledge, should now be permitted to return to their respective Churches if they chose. Some of these people had been Lutherans of the Baltic provinces; others had been Uniates of western Russia, i.e. Catholics who, with the liturgy of the Greek Church, hold the beliefs of the Latin, and are in communion with Rome. It was an act not of magnanimity, but of common justice that was here suggested. But, when the general debate was about to begin, the Grand Duke Michael, acting in harmony with his Majesty's known disposition, withdrew from the Baron his right to speak in favor of the proposal, which therefore dropped. By these and other like fruits the tree may be known.

What is most astonishing is that the head of Orthodoxy should cause the members of an important branch of his own Church to be harried as if they were public enemies. Here are a few specimens of the methods employed against the Old Believers in the present reign. One of their monasteries—the Nikolsky *Skeet* in the Kuban Government—was seized by an archimandrite named Kolokoloff, who, at the

head of fifty Cossacks, drove out the monks and took possession of their dwelling. One of their bishops, Siluan, protested and was thrown into prison. Yet the archimandrite who had won this easy victory, not satisfied with his violence against the living, also wrecked his spite on the dead. Two Old Believers who had departed this life in the odor of sanctity, Bishop Job and Gregory the priest, were reputed to be in heaven; and their bodies were said to be immune from decomposition, a fact which pointed to their saintship. But the Old Believers cannot be permitted to have miracles or saints. The Orthodox archimandrite, therefore, violated the tombs and dug up the bodies. He found the latter really intact, and, breaking their coffins, he saturated the boards with petroleum and then burned the mortal remains of the holy men to ashes.⁴

To affirm that positive laws are broken in order to render religious persecution possible is but to assert a truism. The proofs are of frequent occurrence. The Senate, by one of its legislative decrees,⁵ authorized the Old Believers to open a chapel in Uralsk. This permission had already been given by the ministry, so that it could not lawfully be called in question. Yet the governor of the province cancelled it; and there was no redress. On another occasion three children in the village of Simonoska, in the Government of Smolensk, were forcibly taken from the custody of their father, one Rodionoff, because he was a Dissenter, and were placed in charge of a complete stranger, who was a member of the Established Church. In many districts of the interior priests of the sect of the Old Believers are arrested and imprisoned because they let their

hair grow long like the clergy of the State Church. This punishment is administered in violation of the decrees of the Senate and the circulars of the Minister of the Interior, which have laid it down over and over again that long-haired clergymen are not punishable for neglecting to use the scissors.⁶ The Tsar has been told of all these grievances, but he has made no sign.

A tragic story, the hero of which was Bishop Methodius, one of the pillars of the Old Believers, will bring home the cruelty of the system to the minds of humane readers. It has lately been brought to the notice of his Majesty without eliciting even an expression of regret. Born in Cheliabinsk, Methodius was ordained a priest, and zealously discharged the duties of his office for fifteen years before he was raised to the episcopal see of Tomsk. One day the Bishop administered the sacraments to a man who, born in the State Church, had joined the community of Old Believers. This was precisely a case of the type discussed in the Council of the Empire, and so harshly provided for by the Emperor himself. Methodius was denounced, arrested, tried, found guilty, and condemned to banishment in Siberia; and the sentence was carried out with needless brutality. With irons on his feet, penned up together with murderers and other criminals of the worst type, he was sent by *étape* from prison to prison, to the Government of Yakutsk. Through the intercession of an influential co-religionist he was allowed to stay in the capital of that province; but soon afterwards, at the instigation of a dignitary of the State Church, Methodius was banished to Vilyuisk, in north-eastern Siberia, a place inhabited by savages. The aged

⁴ This procedure was described in the "Grashdanin," 1896.

⁵ Ukase N. 461, promulgated on February 27, 1900.

⁶ See the order of the Consistory of Novocherkassk, May 10, 1893, N. 2928.

Bishop—he was seventy-eight years old—was then set astride a horse and tied down to the animal, and told that he must ride thus to his new place of exile, about seven hundred miles distant. "This sentence is death by torture," said Methodius's flock. And they were not mistaken. The old man gave up the ghost on the road (1898); but when, where, and how he died and was buried has never been made known.

If the repressive measures to which the Tsar thus attaches his name have little in common with true religion, his constructive action appears to be inspired by thinly-disguised superstition. In miracles and marvels he takes a childish delight, and is as ready to believe the messages from the invisible world which the spirits send through a M. Philippe in the Crimea as in the wonders wrought by the relics of Orthodox monks whose names he himself adds to the roll of Russian saints. His predecessors were more chary of peopling heaven than of colonizing Siberia. Nicholas I assented to the canonization of Mitrophan of Voronesh (1832), whose body was found intact after it had lain over a century in its coffin; but that was the only beatification made during the reign. Alexander II allowed the Holy Synod to enrich the Church with one saint—Tikhon, Bishop of Voronesh (1861); his successor did not add even one. But the present Tsar has not only canonized two,¹ but he personally ordered one of the candidates, Seraphim of Saroff, to be proclaimed a saint, in spite of the disconcerting fact that his body, although buried for only seventy years, was decomposed. The Orthodox Bishop Dmitry of Tamboff protested on this ground against the beatification as contrary to Church traditions; but he was deprived of his see and sent to Vyatka

for venturing to disagree with the Tsar. His Majesty holds that the preservation of the bones, the hair, and the teeth is a sufficient qualification for saintship; and he has been assured by prophetic monks that God will soon work a miracle and restore Seraphim's dead body in full.

But it would occupy too much space to enter fully into these details, or into the grounds of his Majesty's belief that an heir will soon be born to him through the mediation of his favorite saints, with whose image he lately blessed the Siberian and South Russian troops. The main point is that upon Church affairs, as upon every other branch of administration, the Emperor has brought his personal influence to bear, and made it prevail over the objections, the protests, and the sound advice of those who were best able to guide him.

Who then, it may be asked, influences the autocrat whose personal rule is thus absolute? If his ministers are but his organs and even his women-folk are powerless to move him, whose is the spirit that animates him? The answer lies on the surface. In the sweeping theories of autocracy, which he has made his own, M. Pobedonostseff and Prince Meshtshersky, the Torquemada and Cagliostro of contemporary Russia, were his teachers. Their abstract aphorisms and personal appeals engendered a faith and fervor in the spirit of their plastic pupil which have become second nature; and he now measures every new idea by its bearing upon autocracy. The teaching of these masters is backed by certain Grand Dukes, who form a sort of secret council like that which regulates the life of the great Lama of Tibet. Under Alexander III they had no part to play, for that monarch kept them in their places. Nicholas II, on the contrary, is easily swayed by these self-seeking

¹ Theodosius, Archbishop of Chernigoff, canonized April 25, 1896; and Seraphim of Saroff, canonized July 31, 1903.

members of his family. They paint their plans in the hues of his own dreams, present him with motives which appeal to his prejudices, and always open their attack by gross flattery. They are consequently more than a match for poor "Nickie," as they call him; and their influence over him is pernicious. One of them, who was for years the manager of the vast funds supplied by loyal Russia to build a church to the memory of Alexander II, has yet to account for enormous sums of money which disappeared mysteriously under his administration.

The Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-general of Moscow, a man addicted to Jew-baiting and other unworthy sports, is the Tsar's mentor in questions of religion, whether abstruse or practical. It was he who proposed to abolish the Juridical Society of Moscow, which he suspected of liberal tendencies; and, when it was objected that the members were scrupulously observant of every law and regulation, he answered: "That's my point—they are for this very reason all the more dangerous to the State." The Grand Duke Constantine offers brilliant suggestions on questions of public instruction and military affairs. The Grand Duke Alexis, whose foreign mistress, a French actress, causes ministers to tremble, is the great palace oracle on the navy, of which, however, he expresses a very poor opinion in private. Perhaps the most influential of all is the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, who has for a considerable time been the *alter ego* of his Majesty.

This grand-ducal ring is the Russian governing syndicate unlimited; and no minister could withstand it for a month. It is able to thwart his plans in their primary stage, to discredit them in the Tsar's eyes during the discussion, or to have them cancelled after the Emperor has sanctioned them.

Obviously Russia has more autocrats than one.

Always in want or in debt, the Grand Dukes flock together wherever there is money to be had, like vultures over a battlefield; and, if they stand to win in any undertaking, they care little about the nationality of the losers, and less about the ethics of the game. Their latest venture was the Lumber Concession on the Yalu river in Corea, which had no little share in plunging our unfortunate country into the present sanguinary war. The scheme had been proposed on the strength of M. Bezobrazoff's assurances that it would bring millions to the pockets of the lucky investors, and add a kingdom to Russia's far-eastern possessions. At first his Majesty, dissuaded by his ministers, shrank from the thought of mixing shady speculations with imperial politics. Accordingly he issued a strict command to the Grand Dukes to keep aloof from the discreditable business. The ducal ring then sent M. Bezobrazoff to knead the imperial will; and so ingeniously was this done that the Tsar not only withdrew the prohibition, but himself joined the investors, and put some millions of his own into the concession. The Grand Dukes reasoned correctly that, if the Emperor had money in the undertaking, everything possible would be done to make it increase and multiply—and with it their own investments. And that is what happened.

Upon the mind of their simple relative the Grand Dukes worked with consummate skill. Every candidate for imperial favor whom they present is a specialist who promises to realize the momentary desires of the Tsar. Thus M. Philippe, the spiritualist who appeared during the Emperor's illness in Yalta, promised him a son and heir, and was therefore received with open arms. As time passed, and the hopes which this adventurer raised were not fulfilled,

the canonization of St Seraphim was suggested by a pious Grand Duke and a sceptical abbot, because among the feats said to have been achieved by this holy man was the miraculous bestowal of children upon barren women.

Another of the Tsar's passing favorites was an eccentric idealist named Khlopoff, who occupied a small post in the Ministry of Ways and Communications. Through the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, to whose children he gave lessons, he was brought to the notice of the Emperor, who conceived a liking for the honest, disinterested reformer. Khlopoff idealized the Russian people, enlarged poetically on their qualities, dramatized their actions, and prophesied the marvels they would accomplish after certain reforms had been effected. His Majesty hung upon his eloquent recitals of the peasants' hopefulness in sufferings, and asked his new friend to travel through the country and to report on the grievances of the people. But after a twelvemonth of Khlopoff's irresponsible activity the ministers grew restive; Pobedonostseff requested the Tsar to give his favorite a responsible position or else dismiss him; and, the novelty of his rhapsodies having worn off, his Majesty ceased to receive the reformer. As he continued, however, to read his reports, M. Pobedonostseff spoke earnestly to the Grand Duke; and Khlopoff was dismissed with a pension.

But the most dangerous of all the imperial favorites is M. Bezobrazoff, a cross between a clever company-promoter and an eccentric. This gentleman, who in his lucid intervals gives proofs of extraordinary shrewdness, began his career as an officer in the cavalry of the Guard, passed on to the post of Master of the Hounds, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of the members of the grand-ducal ring. In time he resigned, and, hoping to do

a brilliant stroke of business à l'Américaine, went to the Far East, where he was to look after the financial interests of the Grand Dukes. The Yalu forests seemed to promise well as a speculation, and he returned with a proposal for exploiting them. The sharp criticism with which the project was received by M. de Witte, Count Lamsdorff, and others at first alarmed the Tsar. But M. Bezobrazoff, who was received by his Majesty at the request of the Grand Dukes, had no difficulty in winning over the wavering young monarch; and the Tsar, as has already been stated, himself became an investor. From that moment M. Bezobrazoff's ascendancy began. He returned to the Far East with plenipotentiary power such as no minister ever possessed. General Kuropatkin, Baron Rosen, Count Lamsdorff were subordinated to him; and his report on the Manchurian railway accelerated M. de Witte's fall. He caused Admiral Alexeyeff, a man of narrow outlook and vast ambitions, to be appointed viceroy; and between them they lured the unsteady monarch, and with him all the nation, into the present costly and disastrous war.

Thus the whole Russian Empire, with its peasantry, army, navy, clergy, universities, and ministries, is but the servant of an inexperienced prince who is not only deficient in the qualities requisite to a ruler, but even devoid of the tact necessary to enable him to keep up appearances. At home the nation is suppressed; it cannot make its voice heard on the subject of war or peace, of taxation or education, of industry or finance; it cannot even save its soul in its own way. Abroad the policy of Russia is a policy of expansion without end, planned by officials without scruples, and executed by a Government without responsibility. It has brought things to such a pass that assurances given by ambassadors are

not binding on the Foreign Minister; promises made by the Foreign Minister are disregarded by the heads of other departments and dishonored by the Tsar; treaties ratified by the Tsar are not binding on the Government, which may plead a change of circumstances as a justification for breaking them. This theory, which to our shame is become as specifically Russian as the Monroe Doctrine is American, has been firmly established by Nicholas II, who may truly say that the Empire is himself and that his ways are inscrutable.

It is no exaggeration to state that the domestic consequences of this system—if system it can be called—are calamitous. Two ministers have already been murdered; several governors and officials have been shot at and killed or wounded; numerous country-houses have been set on fire and burned to ashes; peasants are being flogged,

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noblemen banished, lawyers, school-masters and officials imprisoned, newspapers suppressed, working men fired upon by troops; while the whole nation is kept in ignorance and superstition in order that one man should be free to realize his ideals of autocracy. All that broad-minded monarchists like the present writer desire is to save our people without injuring our Tsar. Against monarchical institutions, without which our nation could not work out its high destinies, we have nothing to urge. Even the dynasty we accept as a fact. But we strongly hold that the affairs of the nation, which are not identical with the changing caprices of an individual or the insatiable greed of a ring, should be conducted by competent and moderately honest men independently of Court influence and on ordinary business principles.

THE SACRIFICE OF O'TERU SAN.

A boy and girl sat on a steep grass slope in a Japanese garden. The boy, who wore the apron affected by students, was talking earnestly—far too earnestly for his years, we in the West would have thought. The girl, whose *kimono* and paper sunshade formed the only colored relief to a background of fresh emerald green, was listening with downcast eyes.

"It is no use, O'Teru San," the youth said, almost mournfully; "I shall have to go to work like a common coolie, for we have not the money for me to continue my education." The maid made no comment to this statement, and the boy continued to pour out his troubles. "It is very, very hard," he said, "that I should have come from a family of princes, and have now to do

menial work in order that I may live, —perhaps even be obliged to serve foreigners in some low capacity, and profess myself obedient to people whom I despise. To think of it, O'Teru San! from to-morrow I shall go to the College no more, and from the next day will be apprenticed to an artisan. I, who was to go next year to the military school, in order, as befits one of my station, to become an officer; and now, just because my father has speculated badly in some Western enterprise, I must give up all thought of the future and live in the present—a coolie!"

The youth cast himself over on his side, and although his companion did not look up, yet she knew that his brown eyes had filled with tears. There was a brief silence, during which Teru

San was making up her mind. Although to our Western ideas she was but a child, yet here in the East those whom we would still opine children have, in their teens, reached a mental balance which we call maturity. The cruel fate which seemed about to ruin her companion's ambitions hurt her as deeply as if a bann had been placed upon herself. She also had her own ambitions. But her hopes for the future were bound up in the success or failure of this youthful student who had been in her life ever since she could remember. Personally, also, she did not wish to be the wife of a carpenter or a 'rickshaw coolie.

"Is there no way?" she said; "will not your relations do something for you?" She turned and put her hand upon the shoulder of the prostrate student. He shook his head mournfully. In a moment the girl made up her mind. "Then Teru San will do something for you. O Tanaka San, go back to the school to-morrow. I will find the money."

There was a grand entertainment at the Mitsui Club. The resident members of this great and exclusive family were giving a farewell send-off to a batch of officers of the Imperial Guard who were due to leave Tokyo on the following morning to join the transports collected in the inland sea. For the purpose of this entertainment the ten most popular Geishas in Tokyo had been retained.

The evening was half-way through, and the young men, grouped in easy attitudes around the room, were satiated with the ordinary efforts at female dancing. "Where is O Teru San?" somebody shouted; others took up the cry and clapped their hands. A screen at the far end of the room was pushed aside; the little frail figure appeared in the opening. It was Teru San. She fell to her knees and bowed to the

ground, as is the etiquette on such occasions. Then she stood up in all her glory of gold and gray. A perfect round of applause greeted her, for at the moment she was the idol of young Tokyo. Even to the European estimate she was beautiful,—to young Tokyo, peerless. She glided into the centre of the room, radiant in the knowledge of her success, magnificent in the blending colors of her finery, and she danced as young Tokyo had never seen a Geisha dance before. Her dancing finished, she stepped down among the audience and gracefully acknowledged the congratulations which were heaped upon her. Surely this girl was happy, if the happiness of a Geisha is to be judged by popularity. Daintily she took the little China cups which were offered her, modestly she pressed them to her lips, just tasting the contents. Then they pleaded with her to dance again. All smiles she retired to the stage, and gave a representation in graceful movements of some old ballad of love and war, such as young Tokyo adored. Then, bowing low, she passed again behind the screen. And as the sound of the applause died in her ears, so did the smile of happiness from her face. Hastily she changed her *kimono*, and called for the jinrickshaw which was waiting for her in the courtyard.

It was a bitter night for poor Teru San; she was going now to meet her lover for the last time—for Tanaka, a lieutenant in the Imperial Guards, was also leaving in the morning to meet the Russians.

Such was the history of Teru San. When she had come to her resolution to find the money with which her lover was to be educated, she had gone straightway and sold herself—as many hundreds of other Japanese girls have done in similar circumstances—to the master of some tea-house. The house which she had selected had been

owned by a man who, long trained in the art, had seen the commercial value of the dainty little lass who falteringly had offered herself to sign the indentures. He had paid a sufficient sum in cash to ensure the first year's fees of Tanaka's education; the successful Teru San's outside earnings had supplied the rest. Thus supported, her lover had passed from one grade to another, until now he was a dashing subaltern in the Guards. All that the young couple were waiting for was the day when the tea-house ransom should be paid in full, and Teru San free of her strange obligations. We of the West cannot understand this: in the East it is different.

The leading company had been lying under the cover of a sand-dune since day-break. The men were becoming restless: behind them they could hear the even rhythm of the three batteries of artillery which were endeavoring to silence the Russian guns on the far side of the river, and ever and anon some projectile would whistle angrily above their heads, or, burying itself in front of them, would throw great showers of sand into their ranks. The men were getting restless because they were waiting to fulfill their orders. These orders were engraven in each man's heart,—for such is the system of the Japanese: when possible each man in the army, from the general of division to the humblest stretcher-bearer, knows exactly what is to be expected of him during the ensuing day, as far as the general staff can calculate the function of any particular unit. This regiment of the Guards had orders to lie under cover as near as possible to the foot of the bridge which the sappers were constructing, and as soon as the structure was worthy, to push across it and turn the Russians from their positions on the far side of the river. From two o'clock in the morn-

ing they had been lying there, and it was now past mid-day and yet the bridge was not complete. Tanaka had crept up to his captain's side, and together they had crawled to the top of the sand-dune and watched the progress which the sappers were making. It seemed now that almost the last pontoon had been floated down. The little engineers were working like demons on the bridge-head, and as they worked the water all round the pontoon seemed alive with bursting shells. Time after time the men working on the hawsers were swept away, and as the cord passed from their lifeless grasp there were other willing hands ready to take it. There was no time to care for dead or wounded, there was no room for either on the pontoons, a man down was a man lost, and it served the interests of the State better to push his body into the boiling stream rather than hamper the bridge-way with doctors and hospital attendants. For the fifth time that morning a salvo of bursting shells destroyed the nearest pontoons, carrying the working party away with it. Yet, nothing daunted, fresh pontoons were pushed off and floated down, and a fresh company of sappers were there to lash the stanchions tight.

"They will never do it," said the captain, as it seemed that the latest effort had failed. "See, they are bringing down reinforcements from the bluff above us." It was true,—a column of Russian infantry were debouching from behind the hills on the opposite bank of the river, and were moving down to the threatening bridge. The Japanese gunners had seen them, and almost immediately the column was torn and shattered with bursting shell, but this counter was not sufficient to stay their advance. Down they pressed toward the water's edge; so near were they now that the Guardsmen could make out the glint of the individual

bayonets as they glistened in the mid-day sun.

"Now is our time," shouted Tanaka, "see, here come our orders." A staff officer galloped up; as he came, the two officers could see that the last pontoon had floated into its place, and that by wading it would now be possible for the infantry to dash across. The staff officer shouted his orders—"Bridge-head! Guards, column of fours from the right." The suspense was over. In a moment the battalion was on its feet, and Tanaka was racing with the men of the leading four for the bridge. They felt the pontoon sway under their feet—they jumped from side to side to avoid the mangled frames of dead and wounded sappers. A shell tore up the planks in front of them, and splattered them with the blood and flesh of some luckless engineer. Through the cloud of smoke Tanaka could see that some fell in the holes, others were hit. Now it was the actual bridge-head, thirty yards of water, how deep, how shallow, who could say! All that they could see were the bayonets of the opposing Russians. They were almost down to the water's edge. Tanaka was the first at the actual bridge-head; what had happened to his captain he did not know, what had happened to the colonel mattered not to him; with one shout of "Banzai!" he leapt into the water, and all that he realized was that the men were leaping in beside him. For a moment it was waist-deep, then it was knee-deep, and now they are on the dry land. Of the next five minutes who shall speak accurately? All that Tanaka knew was that the sword-blade, which had been in his family for four hundred years, clashed roughly against a bayonet, and was then fleshed true and hard. Then the impetus from the slope above bore him and his companions back, but they made a stand at the water's edge, and

that stand was sufficient to save the bridge-head. Company after company came splashing through the water, and then the Russians were taking the steel in the back. It was a horrible *mêlée*; and when Tanaka really came to his senses, he was trying to form up his company amid the smoking guns of a captured Russian battery, while a corporal, chattering with excitement, was binding up his arm with a first field dressing. Until this moment Tanaka did not even know that he had been wounded.

There was no paper printed in Japanese which did not ring with the heroism of Lieutenant Tanaka of the Guards. There was hardly a shop window in Tokyo which had not a colored picture detailing the Lieutenant's heroism at the passage of the Yalu. For the moment there was no more honored name in all Japan. There was no woman in all the many islands, which comprise the Far Eastern Empire, prouder than the little white-skinned Geisha, Teru San. Now her self-sacrifice seemed as nothing. Whatever it may have cost, she had enabled her lover, not only to win his ambition, but also to place himself in the history of his country.

She had been making her toilet since four in the afternoon, for that very day Tanaka, the wounded hero, had returned to Tokyo. Even as she sat, rubbing the powder on her cheeks, she could hear the shouts of the crowd which were according him a public welcome. It was meet that she should look her best, for to-day was to be the greatest day in her life.

The telephone bell rang. Anxiously she waited for the message. Surely it could not be him; it was too soon; he had not yet had time to think of her. She was right—it was only a message from the big rich American who, for the last two months, had been lavish-

ing his attentions upon her, and who was now reduced to such a state that he had offered to ransom her at whatever price her master might name, if only she would consent to marry him and return with him to the States. A foreigner forsooth! And Teru San told the maid to tell the foreigner that she was ill, that she was out of business for an indefinite period until she should be again convalescent. She then sat quietly in her room and waited; it was possibly the happiest expectation in the whole of her strange and checkered life.

But her hero never came, even

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though she waited until the small hours of the morning. "He is in the hospital," she said to herself; "I shall hear from him to-morrow." But the morrow brought no message, and so it went on from day to day, from week to week, until it was announced in the "*Kokomin Shimbun*" that the hero Tanaka, decorated by the Emperor, and now employed on the General Staff, was betrothed to the daughter of Count Inouye.

And so it comes about that Teru San may be the mother of American citizens.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

If the gods showed their love for Shelley by causing him to die young, they have shown their love for Mr. Meredith in a manner more satisfactory to ourselves, by leaving him to receive from us in his old age the homage that was due to him from our grandfathers. The influence, wide and yet more deep, which his works exert over the present generation, is the result of two separate movements, of which the second is only now at its beginning. Late in his life, the general public discovered his novels; in his old age, we are becoming aware of his poems.

Mr. Meredith's poetry is still an individual rather than a fashionable cult; but the private shrines of this worship are now so many, that the time seems come for open and public discussion of this new lore.¹ Considering the amount of printer's ink and social activity that have been devoted to extracting the essence of optimism from *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and the pessimistic hedonism from

Omar Khayyám, it may not be amiss for our zealous searchers after truth to give like heed to those pages wherein the greatest living Englishman has set down what he has thought about life. Now it is in his poems that Mr. Meredith has written his ethics and philosophy in black and white, though he has painted them over his novels in all the colors of the rainbow.

The great body of that large reading public who admire Mr. Meredith's novels, is dimly aware that booksellers' shops contain volumes of his poems, kept standing there in honor of the great man, but rumored to be harsh and crabbed, the licensed freak of genius. It is credibly reported that, like Rafael, Meredith "made a century of sonnets." Many have looked into the poems, opened on a hard page, and closed up the book. Some have read *Love in the Valley*,—and to read it is to love it; but they have been told that "the other poems don't count." It is against

¹ The most serious attempt that I have seen to extract the essence of Mr. Meredith's philosophy is Mr. F. M. Cornford's Lecture on the

"Poems of George Meredith," delivered at the Working Men's College, 46 Great Ormond Street, London; since privately printed, 1903.

this judgment before trial, which has too long left in obscurity one of our greatest national possessions, that I would lodge an appeal. In order to prove that these poems are worthy of very careful study before they are set aside, it is only necessary to take our stand on facts already acknowledged by the literary world. For here is one who is known by his novels to be a great thinker and critic of life; it is known also that, alike in his youth, his prime, and his old age, he has been storing up in the form of poetry the thoughts and beliefs that he holds most dear. Is it not then probable that this poetry may prove to be a rich treasure-house of philosophic wisdom, if we will be at the pains to force an entry? It is at least worth while to rattle at the key, however rusty, as of old at the grating lock of *Sartor Resartus*.

But, philosophy apart, is it not probable that these poems have poetical value also? For again, what are the acknowledged facts? Mr. Meredith's prose is the prose of a poet. In his novels, realism and likelihood often suffer from exuberance of imagination. Often, too, the lines of his psychological edifice are made gay with patches of precious coloring, glorified scenes from the heart of nature and of human passion, as when the river or the wood sees the loves of Richard and Lucy, when Vittoria or Diana stands perilous at morn upon a mountain side. In the *Shaving of Shagpat*, his imagination breaks loose upon the sky, like Karaz mounted on the horse Garraveen, and riots through heaven and earth and fairy-land, with a strength and fertility of inventive fancy, that appals the reader whether he loves it or fears. All this, then, is the prose work of a poet. Last of all, consider the one poem which all the world acknowledges to be beautiful,—*Love in the Valley*. Here is one stanza, chosen out of twenty-five others no less beautiful:—

Lovely are the curves of the white owl
sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large
star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note
unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the
brown eve-jar.
Darker grows the valley, more and
more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting
could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the
bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps
it filled.

Is it probable, in the nature of things, that the man who could write a poem of twenty-six such stanzas, of which it is hardly possible to say that one is more beautiful than another, should write nothing but what is harsh and crabbed in all his other volumes of verse? Clearly such a thing is incredible.

But there are indeed obvious reasons why the poems have lagged so far behind the novels in rising to the surface of appreciation. Some of them are too serious, and some too difficult, to please at once.

The great fault of obscurity undoubtedly grew on Mr. Meredith, partly because he had in his early years no public, and scarcely any criticism. He wrote to please his only audience, himself. But it is a fault whose extent has been much exaggerated by rumor. One must distinguish between his poems in this respect, as our fathers distinguished between *Sordello*, *Old Pictures in Florence*, and the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Some few of Mr. Meredith's poems are so obscure as to lose much of their value. Such are the two odes in the second volume of his collected *Poems*,²—

² Wherever in this article no date is affixed to the name of a poem, the page reference is to this two-volumed edition of 1898 and 1908.

the *Comic Spirit* and *Youth in Memory*.¹ In ballads, a specially high standard of lucidity is generally, and perhaps rightly, expected; and this requirement is scarcely met by *King Harald's Trance*, and the *Archduchess Anne*. But the pieces which did the author most harm by their obscurity were undoubtedly the *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History* (1898). They appeared at a moment when the world was just becoming aware of Mr. Meredith's claim to be a poet. The world, instead of buying his old books, bought his new one, and seems to have found the unfortunate *Odes* (except *France* 1870) mere "nails to scratch the head." The world then considered that it had done its duty by Mr. Meredith's poems, and was absolved from the task of buying and reading his earlier work, or of studying his last and not least wonderful volume, *A Reading of Life* (1901). And yet these *Odes in Contribution to French History*, though obscure to a fault, contain, for the practised and patient Meredithian, an amount of suggestive thought, and a wealth of apt and powerful imagery, which adds to the historical subject matter fresh intellectual and emotional values of a high order.

A second and larger class of the poems are those of which parts are somewhat obscure at a first reading, but where the difficulties do not resist any long siege, and where the meaning of the greater part of the poem is obvious from first to last. Some of the obscurity is due to Meredithian short grammar; relatives are sometimes omitted; nominatives put after their verbs; and strange substitutes found

The *amx* (1862) means the poems of 1862, and (1901) means "*A Reading of Earth*" (1901). The "*Selected Poems*" (a volume to which I never refer in this article) is a most excellent selection, containing about half the Collected Poems, and, on the whole, much the best half.

¹ It is a thousand pities that to these *Odes* in the collected edition was not added the noble "*Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn*"

for the conditional clause of commerce. All this is much to be deplored, but can be as easily got over as Browning's minor vagaries, by any one worthy of the name of reader. Custom soon teaches the dialect, which has, it must be confessed, a charm of its own.

But there is also another cause of obscurity in these better poems. The thought sometimes is so vague, so complex, so spiritual, that it cannot be expressed more exactly. It would "break through language and escape," if the author might use no words but those which a schoolboy, or an early Victorian, could understand. Yet this is the class of ideas for which the call has now come, if further spiritual progress is to be made. The army of human thought is advancing in two bands: one tramps along the high road into the bright hard light of science; but the other is straggling into the dimmer shades of intricate psychology, into "haunted roads," the birthplace of new aspirations, prophecies, and religions, which can find no expression in dogmatic statement, but only in the ethereal word of beauty, suggesting the undefined, and making the unseen felt. Mr. Meredith has long been a leader in this direction. In his poetry we

can hear a faint crow
Of the cock of fresh mornings, far, far,
yet distinct;
As down the new shafting of mines,
A cry of the metally gnome. (II. 202.)

The best example of obscurity due to this cause is found in the *Hymn to Colour* (II. 164-S).

What exactly does it mean? The answer cannot be given, because to

(1862); it contains throughout the essence of the author's philosophy, and touches in the opening stanzas the high water mark of his poetical power of describing nature. The "*Ode to the Comic Spirit*" would perhaps be more valuable, if most of what it says in obscure diction, were not already said with perfect clearness in the incomparable "*Essay on Comedy*."

pour it into more exact words would be to spill its essence. But let us ask by way of reply: What exactly do the universe and the life of man mean? Perhaps that knowledge cannot be put into exact words. Perhaps it is too sacred for exact words to signify it. If, then, the dogmatic answer to the Sphinx has nowadays for very shame to be silent, must therefore all voice of faith, hope, reverence, and love, fall silent also? And if not, it is even in some such language as the *Hymn to Colour*, or *The Woods of Westermain*, that

voice of ours can say
Our inmost in the sweetest way.
(I. 114.)

But few of Mr. Meredith's poems are as obscure as the *Hymn to Colour*; and many of them, as for instance *Love in the Valley*, *The Lark Ascending*, and many of the Sonnets, are not obscure at all.

Another reason why he has failed to hit the popular taste, is that his strength as a poet lies in the lyrical and meditative, rather than in the narrative and dramatic. Pardon has been extended to the obscurity of his novels, and of Browning's poems, because they tempt the appetite of the reader with the interest of the story. Yet, though Mr. Meredith, the poet, is chiefly distinguished as a lyrist and philosopher, he has left a very varied though small assortment of the narrative, historical, political, comic, and ballad. One of his greatest works is the story of *The Day of the Daughter of Hades*, adorned indeed with more lyrical beauty and philosophic meaning than is usual in narrative. *The Nuptials of Attila*, which surpasses the narrative poems of others in all except lucidity, and the *Song of Theodolinda*, illuminate the Dark Ages with the true touch of historical imagination. *The Patriot Engineer* (1862), *England before the*

Storm, *Aneurin's Harp*, *France 1870*, and *At the Close* (1901), together form a group of political poems to match any that could be chosen out of Wordsworth. *Manfred*, *Hernani*, and *Empedocles* give at its best the Meredithian satiric-comedy, flavored with the salt of philosophic wisdom. *Juggling Jerry* gives, in homely and nervous verse, the pathos and humor and strength of the old English character that was nursed on the country-side. I have spoken against the obscurity of several of Mr. Meredith's Ballads; but he has left us one from which ballad-writers might learn much. *The Young Princess*, though not so powerful throughout as his *Attila*, gives hints of a mystic beauty, which, elusive as it is, seems the very essence of romance. Here are three verses from the night scene:—

The soft night-wind went laden to
death

With smell of the orange in flower;
The light leaves prattled to neighbor
ears;

The bird of passion sang over his tears;
The night named hour by hour.

Sang loud, sang low, the rapturous bird
Till the yellow hour was nigh,
Behind the folds of a darker cloud;
He chuckled, he sobbed, aloud, aloud;
The voice between earth and sky.

All cloaked and masked, with naked
blades,

That flashed of a judgment done,
The lords of the Court, from the palace-
door,

Came issuing silently, bearers four,
And flat on their shoulders one.
(II. 40-1.)

There is one great work that stands half-way between the narrative and the meditative poems. *Modern Love* concerns a married couple whose fate is thus summed up:—

Thus piteously Love closed what he
begat:

Mr. Meredith's conception of life stands out in likeness and in contrast to that of Wordsworth. Both have a poetical philosophy, based upon the observation of nature, and inspired by perpetual and loving contact with Earth in all her moods. But Words-

worth was constrained by his beliefs to despise the breast upon which he fed his soul. In the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, he gave the finest expression to the old orthodox view that we are children, not of Earth, but of Heaven. To Wordsworth, sojourn in this life here was an exile:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Earth was not the mother, but only the foster-nurse.

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate,
Man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Wordsworth supposed that his "high instincts," "the fountain-light of all his day," were not inherited from Earth, but implanted in him from Heaven above.

Not so Mr. Meredith. To him Earth is the Mother; the mighty pronoun "she" perpetually recurs in his poems, sometimes rather to the bewilderment of the uninitiated. Since Wordsworth's day, it has been shown by science that man has been literally evolved out of Earth, the son out of the mother. Man's spirit and brain, no less than his body, says Mr. Meredith, are earth-born. We are not dropped down from Heaven above. We are autochthonous. Earth, of which we are a part, is spirit as well as matter, flame as well as clod. What is spiritual comes out of Earth, as well as what is fleshly. To some this may seem a mere dispute over words; to some, perhaps to Mr. Meredith himself, this question of origin

is as much a metaphor as a fact. But at any rate it is a very important metaphor, from which flow many conceptions in philosophy and in ethics.*

In the first place, we must on longer look for help to "revelation." "There is a curtain o'er us," and from behind that curtain of sky no voice speaks.

The Legends that sweep her aside,
Crying loud for an oplate boon,
To comfort the human want,
From the bosom of magical skies,
She smiles on, marking their source:
They read her with infant eyes.[†]

To reach to what Mr. Meredith has called the "Spiritual God," we must study man, and hold communion with nature. We must "read Earth."

She has been slain by the narrow-brain,
But for us who love her she lives again.

She can lead us, only she,
Unto God's footstool, whither she reaches;
Loved, enjoyed her gifts must be;
Reverenced the truths she teaches.[‡]

And while, in the world of thought,
there is no revelation to speak from on high, in the world of action there is "no power to interpose." Man's life must ever be:

a warfare but begun;
Unending; with no Power to interpose;
No prayer, save for strength to keep
his ground,
Heard of the Highest; never battle's close,
The victory complete and victor crowned;
Nor solace in defeat, save from that sense
Of strength well spent, which is the strength renewed.
In manhood must he find his competence;

* The clearest statement of this relation of Earth to Man will be found in the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn" (1862), and "Earth and Man." (l. 143-151.)

† "A Faith on Trial." (ll. 158.)

‡ "Spirit of Earth in Autumn" (1862).

In his clear mind and spiritual food:
 God being there while he his fight
 maintains;
 Throughout his mind the Master-Mind
 being there,
 While he rejects the suicide despair;
 Accepts the spur of explicable pains;
 Obedient to Nature, not her slave.⁷

It is from life—its joys, its sorrows,
 and its long battle—that we must learn.
 Definite answer to the problem of good
 and evil there is none. But Earth will
 in the end teach us, if not to know, at
 least to feel aright, by long experience
 of life.

But also we are taught by Nature.
 The face of our living mother, the
 Earth, has a language that appeals to
 the deepest in us. Here we drink re-
 covery to renew the battle: "hinc lucem
 et pocula sacra."

Leave the uproar; at a leap
 Thou shalt strike a woodland path,
 Enter silence, not of sleep,
 Under shadows, not of wrath.
 Breath, which is the spirit's bath,
 In the old Beginnings find.

Back to them for manful air,
 Laden with the woodland's heart!"

Readers of *Richard Feverel* will remem-
 ber, in the forty-second chapter, the
 night-walk in the Rhineland forest
 through the roaring storm, which re-
 stores Richard to himself. It is one of
 Mr. Meredith's finest pictures of
 spiritual recovery by contact with the
 forces of Nature. But it has its rival
 and counterpart in the poem of *Earth
 and a Wedded Woman*. A woman of the
 people waits, sickening at home for her
 soldier husband at the wars. When
 the poem opens, drought is parching
 the land, as loneliness is parching
 her soul:

She and Earth are one
 In withering unrevived.

⁷ "The Test of Manhood," pp. 35-6 of "A
 Reading of Life" (1901).

Rain! O the glad refresher of the
 grain!
 And welcome water-spouts, had we
 sweet rain!

The maidens of the village, free from
 care, bemoan her fate and revile the
 state of widowed marriage:

Yet Grief would not change fates with
 such as they.

They have not struck the roots which
 meet the fires

Beneath, and bind us fast with Earth,
 to know

The strength of her desires,
 The sternness of her woe.

Rain! O the glad refresher of the
 grain!

And welcome waterspouts, had we
 sweet rain!

At last the rain comes, and its coming
 awakens her soul again to hope and
 life.

Through night, with bedroom window
 wide for air,

Lay Susan tranced to hear all heaven
 descend:

And gurgling voices came of Earth, and
 rare,

Past flowerful breathings, deeper
 than life's end,

From her heaved breast of sacred com-
 mon mould;

Whereby this lone-laid wife was
 moved to feel

Unworded things and old

To her pained heart appeal.

Rain! O the glad refresher of the grain!
 And down in deluges of blessed rain!

(II. 130-2.)

The whole material universe is
 spiritual to Mr. Meredith. Not the
 Earth alone, but the other Earths we
 see, the stars, the "radiance" that
 "enrings" us, can produce the same
 awakening effect upon the soul that
 has eyes to see them:

Sharp is the night, but stars with
 frost alive

⁸ "Nature and Life" (II. 139). See also
 "Woodland Peace" (II. 134).

Leap off the rim of earth across the
dome.
It is a night to make the heavens our
home
More than the nest whereto apace we
strive.
Lengths down our road each fir-tree
seems a hive
In swarms outrushing from the golden
comb.
They waken waves of thoughts that
burst to foam:
The living throb in me, the dead revive.
Yon mantle clothes us: there, past
mortal breath,
Life glistens on the river of the death.
It folds us, flesh and dust; and have
we knelt,
Or never knelt, or eyed as kine the
springs
Of radiance, the radiance enrings:
And this, is the soul's haven to have
felt.⁹

According to Mr. Meredith's reading
of the Laws of Earth, the hope of per-
sonal immortality must be abandoned.
As we see in the workings of Nature
among plants, animals, and men, each
generation can live only by the death
of the last. In the woodland:

We wot of life through death
How each feeds each we spy.¹⁰

It is Earth the Mother:

Who the winged seed
With the leaf doth toss.¹¹

Such is the Law of the Universe for all.
The heaven where each particular per-
son is to live forever, is a mirage that
has misled man, teaching him to fix
his hopes on himself as eternal, instead
of on the race as perpetual.

This is indeed no comfortable doc-
trine; and Mr. Meredith well knows
how sad it is. He expresses the idea
in all its sorrow and majesty in the
Dirge in Woods, where he reads the
lesson of human life and death in the
fallen pine-cones.

⁹ "Winter Heavens" (II. 177). See also
"Meditation under Stars" (II. 169-171).

¹⁰ "Woodland Peace" (II. 134).

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so. (II. 140.)

Life races overhead; and we of the
generation gone by must be content
to lie still below, content that life take
new forms, other than ourselves, yet
sprung out of ourselves, out of our
efforts in life, and out of our dust in
death. He is content to lie dead in
Earth, because she is the life-giver.

Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?¹²

It is sometimes said, because he bids
men be of good heart, that Meredith
is callous to human suffering. This is
not so. Human sorrow has no more
tremendous expression than the last
sonnet of *Modern Love*, or the *Ballad
of Past Meridian*.

Last night returning from my twilight
walk,
I met the gray mist Death, whose
eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of
chalk
He reached me flowers as from a
withered bough:
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest
thou!

Death said, "I gather," and pursued his
way.
Another stood by me, a shape in
stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with
breasts of clay,

¹¹ "Spirit of Earth in Autumn" (1862).

¹² "Spirit of Earth in Autumn" (1862).

And metal veins that sometimes fiery
shone:
O Life, how naked and how hard
when known!

Life said, "As thou hast carved me,
such am I."

Then Memory, like the nightjar on
the pine,
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night
sky,

Joined notes of Death and Life till
night's decline:

Of Death, of Life, those inwound
notes are mine. (I. 89.)

The sadness of the fate of man he
feels in all its grandeur. He is master
of the tragic. It is this that makes his
optimism of such value. He can say,

Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through,—

not the dawn of a false hope of in-
dividual life beyond the grave; but the
dawn of acceptance, of joy in life and
love, though ringed round with death
and pain.

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours:
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers.

Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her check to mire.¹⁵

Indeed to call Mr. Meredith optimist is
to tell only a part of the truth. Like
Shakespeare, the "father-singer," he
hears, flying over his head, the breath
of all poetry, the "chirp of Ariel."

But whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own father-singer knew;
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through;

¹⁵ "The Thrush in February" (II. 123).

¹⁶ "Wind on the Lyre" (II. 178).

¹⁷ "Hard Weather" (II. 110). See the whole
poem for the idea of evolution by struggle and
sacrifice as the law of Earth.

¹⁸ "Shaving of Shagpat": Conclusion, p. 246.

The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew.¹⁴

But Mr. Meredith rejoices in one as-
pect of pain and struggle: their edu-
cative effects. Without them a man
remains undeveloped.

Behold the life at ease; it drifts.

Contention is the vital force.¹⁸

Or, in another vein:—

Lo! of hundreds who aspire,
Eighties perish—nineties tire!
They who bear up, in spite of wrecks
and wracks,
Were season'd by celestial hall of
thwacks.¹⁹

Also he says of Earth:—

To sacrifice she prompts her best:
She reaps them as the sower reaps.¹⁷

It is, then, not from Heaven, but from
Earth and from Man, that he learns
the law of growth through pain, and
the law of sacrifice for others.

In accordance with the doctrine, that
we have been evolved out of Earth,
body and soul together, Mr. Meredith
does not regard our flesh as wholly
vile. He does not think that the spirit
can be separated off as a heavenly
thing from this earthy substance, and
caused to grow apart from the body.
Asceticism is a heavenly and hellish
doctrine. He prefers temperance, the
earthy. He divides our nature into
three parts—blood, brain, and spirit.²⁰
Blood is the flesh, senses, and animal
vigor. Brain is brain. Spirit is the
spiritual emotion which comes of the
interaction of brain and blood. These
three must all go together. We must
seek:—

¹⁹ "Thrush in February" (II. 122).

²⁰ They sometimes appear under different
names. In the "Test of Manhood" ("Reading
of Life," p. 41) they are: "body," "mind," and
"soul." "The body's love and mind's, whereof
the soul's."

Pleasures that through blood run sane,
Quickening spirit from the brain.
Each of each in sequent birth,
Blood and brain and spirit, three
(Say the deepest gnomes of Earth)
Join for true felicity.
Are they parted, then expect
Someone sailing will be wrecked:
Separate hunting are they sped,
Scan the morsel coveted.
Earth that Triad is: she hides
Joy from him who that divides;
Showers it when the three are one,
Glassing her in union.¹⁹

If we part company with any one of
these three we shall be wrecked. The
attempt to develop spirit without blood,
or, worse still, without brain, is to
court certain disaster, of which the
chronicles of the old religions are full.
The modern athletic craze for training
the blood alone, is no better.

If our blood and spirit are sound, we
shall not be afraid, whatever our brain
may have to tell us. Fear is Mr. Mere-
dith's special detestation. It is in our-
selves that gloom and cowardice lie.
Let us look at things squarely and
bravely, and, however bad they are,
they cannot hurt us, at least not worse
than we can bear. Let us banish fear,
and we shall enjoy sacred hours in the
Woods of Westermain, as he calls the
magic forest of life.

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.²⁰

The *Daughter of Hades*, in his poem,
who had but one day on Earth, did

¹⁹ "The Woods of Westermain" (I. 84-5).

²⁰ "The Woods of Westermain." (I. 73).

not spend it in regretting that she had
no more. Rather she spent it well, as
we ought to spend what little opportu-
nities each has of light and joy.

These lyrical meditations have come
to him, walking among old woods and
hills and hedgerows. We must walk
in the heart of Nature if we would
feel her spirit. The best sort of life,
he says, is one which is divided be-
tween town and country:

Not solitarily in fields we find
Earth's secret open, though one page
is there;
Her plainest, such as children spell,
and share
With bird and beast; raised letters for
the blind.

Not where the troubled passions toss
the mind
In turbid cities, can the key be bare.
It hangs for those who hither thither
fare,
Close interthreading nature with our
kind.²¹

What then of the many who are locked
up all the year in the great cities? He
has not avoided this problem, for he
appreciates its full significance and
horror.

"Accept," she says; it is not hard
In woods; but she in towns
Repeats, "accept"; and have we wept,
And have we quailed with fears,
Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
Have we whom knowledge crowns;
Who see in mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears.²²

His heroes are not those who fly from
the evil of the world to hedgerow re-
treats, but those who try to hew out
a better world in the city. The *Thrush
in February*, to whom he listens at Box
Hill, makes him think of the "city of
the smoky fray," where "our battle
urges," and whence "spring heroes

²¹ "Earth's Secret," I. 188.

²² "Outer and Inner" (II. 135).

many." It is these fighters whom the song of the lark ascending brings to his mind; men—

Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not,
sweet

For song our highest heaven to greet:

Because their love of Earth was deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve, and pass reward.
(I. 114.)

It is natural for a great man to try to find his philosophy in the mouth of a greater. And it is not entirely fanciful of Mr. Meredith to say of Shakespeare,

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth;
unsoured

He knew thy sons. He probed from
hell to hell

Of human passions, but of love deflowered

His wisdom was not, for he knew
thee well.²³

The bald statement which I have made in my own words of what appears to me to be Mr. Meredith's view of life, probably sounds to those who do not agree with it as unattractive as other forms of dogmatism. I do not undertake to demonstrate it philosophically; nor do I pretend that it is a short cut to all religious truth. I have only called attention to it here, because it is the key of Mr. Meredith's didactic poems, and the spirit underlying his narrative and lyrical work. In his poetry, these doctrines, like the vapors at sunrise, take color and glow. They become, to many of us, the word that inspires and sustains. I wish to close this article by a brief inquiry; what are the literary and poetical qualities which give to Mr. Meredith this mastery of hearts?

The qualities of his poetry are very

²³ "The Spirit of Shakespeare" (I. 189.).

various, and are found in very varying degrees in his different works.

Some of his pieces, as *Love in the Valley*, the *Hymn to Colour*, and "Sonnet" XLVII. of *Modern Love*, have a musical beauty of sound, equal to the best work of other poets. But, in spite of his extraordinary success in this respect on frequent occasions, the element of music in his verse is more intermittent than in Milton or Keats. Generally it bursts out in a line or couplet, flavoring the whole poem. Much complaint is made of this want of continuous smooth melody; but it is possible to exaggerate the importance of this one source of poetic beauty. There are other ways and means. The following "Sonnet" (XVI.) of *Modern Love* is as beautiful as "Sonnet" XLVII., though it is less melodious.

In our old shipwrecked days there was
an hour,

When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm
grow

Among the clicking coals. Our library-
bower

That eve was left to us; and hushed
we sat

As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-opened doors we heard
them sing:

The nodding elders mixed good wine
with chat.

We'll know we that Life's greatest
treasure lay

With us, and of it was our talk. "Ah,
yes!

Love dies!" I said: I never thought it
less.

She yearned to me that sentence to
unsay.

Then when the fire domed blackening,
I found

Her cheek was salt against my kiss,
and swift

Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast
did lift:—

Now am I haunted by that taste! that
sound!

This contains the essence of poetical
beauty in one of its forms.

But a constant feature in all Mr. Meredith's work is *brain*. His sense of the poetical sometimes nods, his sense of the lucid often, but the vigor of his intellect never. His philosophy, which I have attempted to sketch, may have little value or much. But at any rate his intellect is more constantly vigorous, and acute, and coruscating, than that of any other poet of the nineteenth century, not excluding Browning. And, if the success with which he disengages his meaning from the words is more often incomplete than that of Tennyson, he has far more meaning to evolve. As in some of Michael Angelo's statues, the Titan is only half-way out of the marble; but it is a Titan, and not a ballet-girl. The mere vision of him coming out suggests more than a complete Canova. If poetry is a criticism of life, and not merely a "rhapsody of words," the value of intellect in poetry is immense.

Mr. Meredith weeds out the commonplace and the unessential from his poetry. He will express nothing but the heart of the matter in hand. This quality has helped to make his poems unpopular; for the demand on the mind of the reader is considerable, and the mind must be one that does not find its sole delight in the good expression of "what oft was thought." Sometimes, indeed, he cuts out so many links as to create real and unpardonable obscurity. But this chastening process, when he does not carry it too far, is a merit of a high and rare order, producing in his hands effects of an intellectual strength and beauty, not otherwise to be obtained.

But perhaps his highest quality is wealth of imagination. Hardly any other poet has metaphors so numerous, so apt, so incisive, so beautiful in thought and in expression. This richness and aptness of imagery, combined with his habit of leaving out the unessential, renders his best poems, to

those who will be at the pains to read them more than once, a rapid succession of glowing pictures and stimulating ideas, which produce, in the cumulative effect of a long poem, the highest kind of mental intoxication. Two poems, well suited for the study of these effects, are the *Day of the Daughter of Hades* and the *Nuptials of Attila*. (In these two, be it said, he does not obtrude his doctrines on those who dislike didactic poetry.) The cumulative effect of the long succession of pictures cannot be reproduced here in short citations; but an example of each of these poems may not be out of place. In the first, the meeting of Persephone and Demeter, long separated by Pluto, is thus described:—

They stood by the chariot-wheel,
Embraced, very tall, most like
Fellow poplars, wind-taken, that reel
Down their shivering columns and
strike
Head to head, crossing throats: and
apart,
For the feast of the look, they drew,
Which darkness no longer could thwart;
And they broke together anew. (1. 92.)

In the *Nuptials of Attila*, the dissolution of the Hunnish army and Empire, after the mysterious death of their chief in the arms of his queen, is thus pictured:—

Kingless was the army left:
Of its head the race bereft,
Every fury of the pit
Tortured and dismembered it.
Lo, upon a silent hour.
When the pitch of frost subsides,
Danube with a shout of power
Loosens his imprisoned tides:
Wide around the frightened plains
Shake to hear his riven chains,
Dreadfuller than heaven in wrath,
As he makes himself a path:
High leap the ice-cracks, towering pile
Floes to bergs, and giant peers
Wrestle on a drifted isle;
Island on ice-island rears;
Dissolution battles fast:

Big the senseless Titans loom
Through a mist of common doom,
Striving which shall die the last:
Till a gentle-breathing morn
Frees the stream from bank to bank.
So the Empire built of scorn
Agonized, dissolved and sank.
Of the Queen no more was told
Than of leaf on Danube rolled.

Make the bed for Attila! (II. 71.)

Even on his poem on *Napoléon*, which is usually rejected on the ground of hopeless obscurity, we get many such lines as these, giving the poetical essence of Napoleon's career:—

Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice, he came,
Who heard of him heard shaken hills,
An earth at quake, to quiet stamped.
Who looked on him beheld the will of
wills,
The driver of wild flocks where lions
ramped.²⁴

Or here is a description of the south-wester falling upon the woods after sunset, watched by one

who loves old hymning night,
And knows the Dryad voices well.

Not long the silence followed:
The voice that issues from thy breast,
O, glorious South-West,
Along the gloom-horizon holloa'd;
Warning the valleys with a mellow
roar

Thro' flapping wings; then, sharp the
woodland bore

A shudder, and a noise of hands:
A thousand horns from some far vale
In ambush sounding on the gale.
Forth from the cloven sky came bands
Of revel-gathering spirits; trooping
down,

The Independent Review.

Some rode the tree-tops; some on torn
cloud-strips,
Burst screaming thro' the lighted town:
And scudding seaward, some fell on big
ships:
Or mounting the sea-horses blew
Bright foam-flakes on the black review
Of heaving hulls and burying beaks.

Still on the farthest line, with out-
puffed cheeks,

'Twixt dark and utter dark, the great
wind drew

From heaven that disenchanted har-
mony

To join earth's laughter in the mid-
night blind:

Booming a distant chorus to the shrieks
Preluding him: then he,

His mantle streaming thunderingly be-
hind,

Across the yellow realm of stiffened
Day,

Shot thro' the woodland alleys signals
three;

And with the pressure of a sea,
Plunged broad upon the vale that under
lay.²⁵

The appetite for Mr. Meredith's poetry grows by what it feeds on. The difficulty is in the first few mouthfuls. At the first reading of a poem some lines, probably, will capture the imagination; but the rest, perhaps, will seem inferior or obscure. A second reading extends the range. A third may render us greedy of the whole poem. Not to be fully comprehended and wholly appreciated at first sight is a fault; but it is a fault generally found in the noblest men and the highest things. This sentiment is indeed a commonplace; but it is worth repeating, for in practice it is treated as a paradox.

G. M. Trevelyan.

²⁴ "Odes in Contribution to French History," p. 21.

²⁵ "Spirit of Earth in Autumn." (1862)

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLOWERING OF THE MARL-PIT.

Never in all my days, I think, did I witness so merry and bonny a sight as the Flowering of Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand's Marl-pit. The place was thronged with folks who kept arriving and arriving, till there was scarce standing-room in the centre of the field; but my Father and I, being taller and bigger than most, tucked our womenfolk under our elbows and forced our way to the front. Mrs. Patty did not disdain to take my arm then! All round the pit was a great garland of flowers of most elegant device; they looked, indeed, as if they were growing, and hard by the pit but far enough away to allow plenty of dancing-room was the tallest and the finest Maypole I have ever seen, wreathed round and round with flowers, and with gay ribbons of different hues hanging from it.

The Marling-folk presently arrived walking in procession, wearing head-dresses of flowers, and carrying each of them a musket; then came six garlands borne by young women walking two and two, themselves very gay with flowers; next came eight Sword Dancers, and then the Morris Dancers cutting strange capers, and all decked out with ribbons and hawks' bells, which made a merry music. They brought their own pipe and tabor, too, so that there was no lack of tunes.

They marched along with great solemnity, pausing before a wagon which had been drawn nigh to one side of the pit, and on which were arranged seats for Sir Jocelyn, Lady

Gillibrand and sundry of their friends among the quality, and the foremost of the Marlers made a kind of rhyming speech thanking Sir Jocelyn for his bounty, and wishing him good luck and prosperity with his newly-dressed land. Then the pipes and fiddles struck up, and the Sword Dancers, descending to the bottom of the pit, performed many curious exercises therein, all the folks pressing round to see, and being kept back from trampling on the flowers by a number of stewards, who laid about them sharply with their white staves.

I was staring from side to side, almost dazed with the novelty of the sight, and with the din of voices and laughter, and with the hum of the pipes and the screech of the fiddle, when I heard a voice close to me. It was Master Robert Billsborough, and he addressed Mrs. Dorothy.

"Madam," said he, "the dancing is now about to begin; it is customary on these occasions for my Cousin and his family to lead off with a select few, who will perform a country dance at the bottom of the pit yonder; it has been well drained and sodded, and this rustic floor will, I think, be not unpleasant to the feet. Pray, may I request you to honor me by being my partner?"

"I am much obliged to you, Sir, but it is not my purpose to dance, I thank you," replied Dorothy, coldly.

"Surely," returned he with a leer, which he doubtless intended to be ingratiating, but which to my mind was exceeding impudent, "surely, Madam, you will not be so cruel. What! The belle of the countryside refuse to

exhibit herself to her multitude of adorers! I vow there's not a man here but must lose his heart at sight of so much beauty and grace. And why, Madam," he went on in the same affected tone, "why should I be the only one to suffer—do but consent to come forward so that I may at least have the satisfaction of knowing myself to be but in the same plight as every other unfortunate male who views you."

Dorothy was about to make some haughty reply, being, as I saw, very much offended by his manner, when she was accosted by Sir Jocelyn, who had approached her from the other side.

"We are about to begin the dancing, Mrs. Ullathorne," said he; "will you oblige me by standing up with me?"

"Nay, now; nay, now!" cried Master Robert sniggering, "'tis not fair, I protest, for the Lord of the Manor to endeavor to supplant his poor Kinsman. I had myself but just petitioned Mrs. Ullathorne for the honor of her hand."

"I fear my humble Kinsman must be content to step on one side," returned Sir Jocelyn, in the half-good-humored, half-contemptuous tone with which he generally addressed his Cousin, "for it is my intention to persist in offering this slight tribute of respect to a lady whom I so highly esteem."

He looked at Mrs. Dorothy as he spoke, with real kindness, and his manner was so entirely devoid of the offensive freedom which had characterized Master Roberts that Dorothy cast at him a troubled look, being partly, I think, smitten with compunction for her recent treatment of him, and partly moved by this evidence of his goodwill and generosity, yet at the same time reluctant to grant his request.

At this moment, however, the arriv-

al of Mrs. Penelope, clinging breathlessly to Doctor Francis Bradley's arm—that good gentleman having previously been honored with a place on her Ladyship's wagon out of regard, I presume, to his constant and faithful attendance in a medical capacity—Mrs. Penelope, I say, hurried up and twitched Sir Jocelyn by the sleeve.

"Pray, Sir Jocelyn," panted she, "do her Ladyship the favor of going to her at once. It is time for the dance to begin, she says, and she wishes you to delay no longer in leading out your partner."

"Exactly what I am about to do," returned her Cousin.

"Her Ladyship thinks—your Mother thinks," stammered Mrs. Penny, "that you ought to lead off the dance with Dame Wilmot. She will herself select John Lunt—'tis the custom, as you know, to lead the dance with the oldest tenants on her property. Her Ladyship says she is sure you will not forget this."

"A foolish old custom," returned he smiling. "I am about to make a new rule. 'Tis the youngest tenant the Lord of the Manor should dance with, my dear Penny—and, moreover, 'tis fitting I think to honor most those who have but newly come amongst us."

And with that he turned with a bow and a smile towards Mrs. Dorothy.

"But I am sure, Cousin Jocelyn, my Lady bade me send you to her at once," cried poor Penny. "Did she not, Doctor Bradley? The Doctor heard her say she wanted you, Cousin Jocelyn?"

"Yes, indeed," assented the Doctor, who was a big man, somewhat reserved in his manner, and chary of words; 'twas perhaps for these reasons that Lady Gillibrand was so fond of consulting him, for as her vapors more often than not proceeded from a fit of the tantrums, after she had

poured forth her grievances his sage look and silent shake of the head might be construed in divers ways—sympathy with herself, condemnation of the delinquent (whomsoever he or she might be), concern for her state of health—any meaning, in fact, which she chose to read into them.

"Her Ladyship is beckoning to you now, Cousin Jocelyn," exclaimed Penny, almost in tears, and glancing fearfully towards the wagon, from which indeed Lady Gillibrand, standing erect, was making repeated signs to her Son.

"I fear that this time she will be disappointed," answered he. "Go back to her, my good Penny, and tell her I shall be happy to attend her at the conclusion of the dance; that she is welcome to lead off with John Lunt, but that I myself pay my duty elsewhere."

And with that he extended his hand gracefully to Mrs. Dorothy, who laid hers lightly in it; she had been more than woman, I think, if she had resisted the temptation of setting her Ladyship's will at naught. The crowd fell back as Sir Jocelyn led his partner down the rude steps cut in the soil to the bottom of the pit, where they were presently joined by Lady Gillibrand and honest old John Lunt, who did not seem to be enjoying himself over much, and Mrs. Penny and Doctor Bradley. Master Robert, after sending a scowling glance at the retreating form of his kinsman, informed our Patty, superciliously, that she might dance with him; whereupon that little hussy, looking mighty demure, but privately nipping my arm, returned that she was already promised to me.

"And I understand," she continued, still looking as if butter would not melt in her mouth, "that the gentry are to honor the oldest tenants—and

there is Goody Lupton looking for a partner!"

"Well," said I, as soon as we were out of earshot, "you are an impudent piece, Mrs. Patty. How do you know that I want to dance with you?"

"For that matter," replied she, very pat, "I have no mind to dance with you if I can find somebody better. 'Tis dull work dancing with one's own folks; but I did not want to dance with Master Robert. Thou knows I hate him."

At this moment we encountered poor Mrs. Penny making her way upwards with a crestfallen look.

"Oh, Master Wright, would you be so obliging as to find me a partner?" she inquired dolefully. "Her Ladyship will not suffer me to dance with Doctor Bradley; it is her wish that I should stand up with one of the tenants. There is poor Doctor Bradley wandering about also in search of a partner."

"Why," said Patty, half-roughishly, half-diffidently, "we two are in the same plight. Luke, here, would be honored if you would accept of him, would not you, Luke? And if his Honor, Doctor Bradley, would not despise myself—"

"I'm sure he would be delighted, Patty," said Mrs. Penny, brightening a little. "I shall be very happy indeed to dance with you, Master Luke, for indeed I know not where else to look for a partner. I will sign to Doctor Bradley to come here, Patty—he is a most admirable performer," added the poor lady with a sigh, "and a most interesting companion."

We thus paired off for the second time, and as twenty couples were by now assembled at the bottom of the pit, where there was not space for more, her Ladyship gave the signal for the music to strike up, and we began.

It was the old dance—the Triumph—and a pretty graceful measure it is,

and surely never trod with greater perfection than by Sir Jocelyn and Mrs. Dorothy, as they paced up the middle and down again, and went through the figure to the admiration of all. She had entered into the spirit of the game now, and her eyes shone, and her beautiful white teeth flashed out as she talked and laughed; and Sir Jocelyn inclined his head towards her, going through the measure, as every one could see, like a man in a dream, and those eyes of his, which could look at times so fierce and at other times so languid, were never shifted from her face.

Oh! but to see her Ladyship footing it with unfortunate John Lunt when it came to her turn; she, too, had noted her son's attitude, and honest John, who merely sought to accomplish his task with as much speed as was compatible with his own immense bulk, and the respect due to his partner, was forced to bear the brunt of the displeasure which she was unable to vent on Sir Jocelyn and Dorothy.

It was—"My patience, Goodman Lunt, can you not make shift to move a bit faster?" or, "Bless the man, I vow he's like an elephant!" or, "Have you not yet learned to know your right hand from your left, John Lunt?"—so that the sweat fair streamed down the poor fellow's cheeks, and he cut his capers with so woful an air that he seemed like to cry.

I could not but laugh when I glanced at our Patty with her big galling, Doctor Bradley. However admirable a performer that worthy gentleman might be in the eyes of Mrs. Penny, he was as slow and reflective in his method of dancing as of speaking; and when I saw our little wench jerking at his great hand, prancing on her little feet, shaking her curls, and making a thousand impatient gestures in the effort to induce him to quicken

his pace, I was minded of the old fable about the fly and the coach. Doctor Fanny—for it was Sir Jocelyn's humor thus to abbreviate the worthy man's Christian name—Doctor Fanny's face wore meanwhile a smile of bland condescension and satisfaction, and I have no manner of doubt that he was much elated by the breathless words of encouragement which Patty let fall every now and then.

"That's it, Doctor! Well stepped, Sir! Pray keep up the pace, your Honor," and so forth.

While I was contentedly awaiting my own turn, listening, it must be owned, with but half an ear to the gentle prattle of good Mrs. Penny, I chanced to raise my eyes to the edge of the pit, and there, among the crowd which pressed around, as before, to look down at the privileged few within, I caught sight of a slender man's figure in black, and of a pale face set off by bright hair. It was my acquaintance of the previous night, the owner of the brown horse. His intent gaze had, I suppose, attracted mine, but no sooner did our eyes meet than he quickly averted his and bent them on Mrs. Dorothy.

There was such a curious look in his face as fairly startled me—a look of anger and sorrow. I had never seen such a look as once so passionate and so sorely grieved.

Dorothy and Sir Jocelyn shook hands; he bent towards her, murmuring in her ear, and she, to vex Lady Gillibrand I fancy, who was standing hard by, looked back at him laughing. I glanced once more at the stranger, and saw fury in his face and yet despair—thus one might look who had received a mortal blow.

"Now it is our turn I think, Master Luke," twittered Mrs. Penny, pointing a long narrow foot. "It is our turn now."

When we wheeled at the end of the measure my eye again swept the throng of faces overhead, but the stranger was gone.

Well, the Triumph being concluded by our party, the dancing became general. The Marlers, Sword Dancers and the wenches who had carried the garlands began to foot it round the Maypole; scores of others rushed into the pit and began to jig it there, every lad to his rosy lass; even the more staid folks capered awhile whenever there was a free space near enough to the music. Then the Mummers began their antics, and after that a match was concluded; three couples of lads and lasses of Ferneby village who took sides against the same number of folks from Little Upton, and danced a hornpipe for a wager; and they kept it up so long and so valiantly that they all but tired out the piper. 'Twas a marvel to see with what zest and spirit they footed it, each side against the other, until, to our great joy, the Little Upton folks owned themselves beat.

Refreshments were set out on long tables in the shelter of the wood, and thither did we all repair, as many as there was room for, while the stewards kept the rest at bay. Lady Gillibrand had been very generous, and the cheer she had provided was of the best, besides which several of the neighbors and tenants had made presents for the occasion of fat chickens and fresh butter, and cream cheese, and such things. My Mother had sent a great syllabub early that morning, and my Uncle Waring a quantity of prunes, which, being well stewed, were very good to eat with the cakes. Some of the neighboring gentry had furnished loaves of white bread, too, and there was a scramble for these, for many of the country folk had never tasted the like. We ourselves ate for the most part brown bread at

The Delf, considering wheaten cakes dainty fare suitable only for rare occasions.

"Good eating deserves good drinking," the saying goes, and there was no stint of excellent liquors. I noticed some flushed faces about the board as we left it, and I turned to look for Mrs. Dorothy, thinking it well to be at hand lest any of the young sparks, being over-merry, might vex or importune her.

I found her sitting a little apart in the shade of a sycamore tree, with a fine damask napkin spread upon her knee, on which was set forth a plate of junket, while Sir Jocelyn, standing by, held her glass which contained only spring water.

He greeted me jovially as I came up, and clapped me on the shoulder, bidding me go shake my young legs, which he knew were itching for a hornpipe, and saying that he would look after my neighbor.

Though his tone was good-natured I detected in it a significance which warned me that I had best take the hint and retire ere he spoke more plainly.

"You will find me here, Master Luke," said Dorothy. "Pray come and fetch me whenever your Parents are ready to return home."

"Pooh! nonsense!" cried Sir Jocelyn. "No one must dream of going home till to-morrow morning. We shall keep the fun up here till 'tis dark and then adjourn to the great barn, where we shall have a Merry Night. Who talks of going home?"

I went in search of my Father and Mother, whom I found arm-in-arm, watching the sports at the other side of the field; Patty, no doubt, was dancing, and Johnny had joined his comrades of the school; the Foot-racing was in progress, hats being given as prizes to the lads and gown-pieces and ribbons rewarding the winners of the

Malden-plate. The children were playing at Barley-brake, and Buff, and Bandy Ball, and Trippet, each set being surrounded by a ring of their comrades; and there were a few foolish lads Treacle Dipping for a wager, plunging their heads into a large dish filled with the sticky stuff, and bringing up the coins thrown therein in their teeth—a nonsensical pastime, reflecting small credit either on the performers themselves or those who abetted them in their folly.

I was turning away to join the dancers, though I felt not much inclination for the exercise, being sore at heart and uneasy at Sir Jocelyn's increasing intimacy with Dorothy, when I suddenly was accosted by Master Bilsborough.

"Can you tell me, Luke," says he, "the name of the gentleman in black who was a witness of the dancing in the pit? I saw him talking to your man as he stood next him in the crowd."

"Did you indeed?" said I. I did not notice where Stumpy stood."

"But did you not observe the stranger?" queried Master Robert eagerly. "A personable man but quite unknown, as far as I can make out, to any of our acquaintance."

"Perhaps Stumpy can inform you, Sir," said I. "There he stands, see you, but a pace or two away."

I could not forbear accompanying Master Robert to the spot, for, if truth be told, I myself felt no small curiosity to ascertain the nature of the stranger's conversation with Stumpy.

On being questioned, the fellow looked at first puzzled, but was soon induced to recall the appearance of the stranger gentleman who had questioned him.

"Ah, to be sure," said he, "the felly in black. I mind him well. A fine-

lookin', well-set-up young spark. Eh, he nobbut asked me the name o' the lady as was dancin' wi' Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand. 'Who's you?' says he—so I tow'd him; 'Mrs. Dorothy Ullathorne,' I says. 'Oh,' says he, 'and where do she live?' I tow'd him, 'Lychgate Hall.' 'Far from here?' says he. 'Between three and four mtle,' I tow'd him."

"And was that all? cried Master Robert.

"That's all!" replied Stumpy. "He stood there a bit, looking at her and sayin' to hisself ower and ower, like a child, 'Dorothy Ullathorne' — 'Ullathorne.' 'Lychgate Hall — Lychgate Hall;' an' then one o' the lads from Upton shouts to me fro' t'other side o' the pit, an' I shouts back, an' when I looks round again the strange gentleman was gone."

"I shouldn't wonder," says Master Bilsborough, turning to me with that sneer upon his lip which always made me hate the man, "I shouldn't wonder but this gallant found means to pay his respects ere long to the lady whom we all admire so much. He seems to have taken careful note of her dwelling-place."

Before I could reply Master Bilsborough's attention was engaged by Lady Gillibrand, who just then approached in the company of Parson Formby. The Clergyman was looking about him with a pleasant if somewhat abstracted air, gazing at all this bustle of human life as he might have gazed at a puppet show.

I never knew so gentle a man as Mr. Formby, for all he regularly damned his entire congregation once or twice a year, when it came to the turn of two well-thumbed sermons to be abstracted from the yellowing pile in his study. These treated of Hell Fire, and the good man was accustomed to read them in as placid a voice as that in which he held forth to us on other

occasions of Brotherly Love and Practical Piety.

He seemed to spend half his time in a dream, and to look upon this world that we live in as an unreality. But I have always loved the good Parson since hearing my Mother's tale of the day she met him wandering in the lane and talking to himself—or so it seemed to her until she caught the words he was saying. "Pray, my love, is not the air balmy to-day? How much must we thank a kind Providence who sends us this sunshine and mild breeze to compensate us for the storm of yesterday?"

And after another moment he cried out, in a different voice:—

"See, Lucy, the pretty lambs at play."

Yet there was never a soul with him. Raising his eyes and perceiving my Mother, who was advancing towards him with some hesitation, he asked her, smiling, if she had overheard his talk; and on her answering that she had he said, still smiling, yet with tears in his eyes:—

"'Tis a custom I have, good dame, of endeavoring to beguile the tedium of my lonely walks by imagining to myself that my dear ones are still with me. As you know I lost my Wife and Child within a week of each other a score of years ago."

But the remembrance of this simple, kindly old man has set my mind wandering from my narrative.

He stood, I say, with the same gentle smile on his lips, amid the bustle of the crowd, as that with which he would have greeted a solitary village child; but my Lady, I warrant you, was not infected by his mood. Though she loved the Parson well enough to permit him, when he dined at the Hall, to retain his place at pudding-time, instead of retiring as Clergymen in his position are usually

accustomed to do, he had not great influence over her.

My Lady had been sorely ruffled by Sir Jocelyn's attitude towards his newest and youngest tenant, and, as frequently happened, every one with whom she came in contact fell under the ban of her displeasure in consequence, with the exception of the real culprit.

"What are you doing here, Cousin Bilsborough?" she inquired sharply, "why are you not at the tables yonder, looking after the people and making sure there is no excessive drinking? They have broached another barrel, I hear—foolish indulgence on Jocelyn's part, I consider, but there is no reason why other folks should neglect their duty. Pray, Cousin Bilsborough, take up your post at once, and make sure that no man exceeds his allowance of a quart of strong ale. There is abundance of small-beer that they may drink of to their hearts' content, and according to my directions flagons of currant wine tempered with water and other such refreshing drinks have been likewise placed in readiness, so that none of these noisy folks need go thirsty. Dear, what a burly-burly to be sure! Would you not think, Mr. Formby, that reasonable people could make merry without all this din?"

The good man looked round him once more with a shake of the head.

"They are like children," he said, "and children can relish no form of enjoyment that is not accompanied by noise."

"Well, I can endure it no longer," returned she. "There is the evening to be thought of, when there is to be what they call a Merry Night, kept up both in and out of doors. I shall request my Son to conduct me home, that I may seek some repose. Where is my Son? Does anybody know? Do you chance to know, Luke Wright?"

"I last saw Sir Jocelyn," returned I, unwillingly, "in the corner of the wood, near the refreshment tables."

Escorted by Mr. Formby and her Cousin, Lady Gillibrand bent her steps thither, and I followed at a little distance, in order to be in Mrs. Dorothy's neighborhood should she find herself in need of service or assistance after the departure of Sir Jocelyn.

Presently I saw the people falling back to make a passage for Lady Gillibrand and her Son, who wore a vexed look, and frequently turned his head over his shoulder to glance back at the spot he had quitted; but no sooner was he out of sight than I, hastening towards the place where I looked to find Dorothy, was met by her half-way.

"I want to go home, Luke," she cried. "Will you do me the favor to escort me until I am out of the crowd? Your Parents and Patty will doubtless wish to remain a little longer, but I have had enough of it."

"Certainly," cried I, overjoyed that she should, of her own accord, ask something of me, for since our falling out she had taken a kind of pleasure in proving to me how well she could dispense with my attentions, having

only consented to ride behind me that morning at my Mother's request. "Certainly, I will attend you with the greatest pleasure, Madam, and accompany you, if you will allow it, to your own door, for I reckon there are many rough folks about; and in spite of my Lady's orders there has been a good deal of strong liquor flowing, and I should be loth to have you frightened or insulted."

"Will it not keep you a long time from the revels?" said she, smiling.

"Once you are gone," I faltered, with my foolish heart a-thumping, "I am not like to find much pleasure in them."

She laughed. "You all sing the same note, said she. "Your Sir Jocelyn is no better than the rest of you, but I am not so foolish as to pin my faith to any of you."

I winced at this unkind cut, but durst not protest! had I not, after all, betrayed her confidence? After a pause, however, I asked in a wounded tone—"Is there never a man in the world, then, that is worthy of faith?"

"I said not that," answered she, "but they be rare. Yet," she added in a lower tone, "I know one."

The London Times.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS.*

The works which we have placed at the head of this article are sufficient to illustrate the advance which has been made in recent years in the re-

covery and examination of Sayings attributed to Our Lord, though never included within the scope of the Canonical Gospels. However doubtful Christ-

* 1. "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels." By B. F. Westcott. First Edition. (London: Macmillan, 1860.)

2. "Agrapha." Von A. Resch. "Texte und Untersuchungen," v. 4. 1889.

3. "Die Sprüche Jesu." Von J. H. Ropes. "Texte und Untersuchungen," xiv. 2. 1896.

4. "Christ in Islam." By Professor D. S. Margoliouth. "The Expository Times," November, 1893; January, 1894.

5. ΑΟΤΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ. "Sayings of Our Lord," By B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. (London: Egypt Exploration Fund, 1897.)

6. "New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel. By B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. (London: Henry Frowde, 1904.)

7. "The Oxyrhynchus Papyri Part IV." Edited with Translations and Notes by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. (London: Egypt Exploration Fund, 1904.)

ians may have felt as to the exact authority of these utterances, they have by a natural instinct gathered up carefully such fragments, that nothing which had seemed worthy to be associated with their Teacher might be lost.

The first formal attempt to collect and to comment upon them was made by Grabe at the end of the seventeenth century in his *Spicilegium SS. Patrum* (Oxford, 1698), which enumerated eleven of these Sayings; Hofmann, in his *Leben Jesu* (Leipzig, 1851), increased the number to thirty; Bunsen quoted twenty in his *Analecta Ante-nicena* (London, 1856); Dr. Westcott, in an appendix to his *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, to which most English readers owe their acquaintance with them, separated twenty-one which seemed to contain "true and original traits of the Lord's teaching" from eleven others, which were either "variations of known sayings" or apparently "inventions framed to suit the character of the apocryphal work in which they are found." In the first class he places the Saying quoted by St. Paul, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," the striking addition of Codex Bezae (D) to St. Luke vi. 4, "O man, if indeed thou knowest what thou dost, thou art blessed: but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed and art a transgressor of the law"; an addition also of Codex D to St. Matt. xx. 28, as well as others gathered from second- and third-century writers, of which the most striking and the best known are: "Show yourselves tried money-changers"; "He that wonders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest"; "In whatsoever I shall find you, in that I shall also judge you"; "He who is near me is near the fire; he who is far from me is far from the Kingdom"; "Never be joyful except when ye shall look on your brother in love"—all of

them of deep spiritual import, if not worthy of a place within the Canon.

But since Dr. Westcott's book was published the scope of the subject has been widened in two different ways, both by the re-examination of extant writings and by the discovery of fresh documents. The first of these lines of advance is illustrated by the works of Resch and Ropes. Of these Resch was the earlier, and marked a new stage in the discussion by the thoroughness with which he had examined the early Christian literature, and the large amount of new material and of fresh illustration of the old material which he was able to contribute. He enumerates no fewer than seventy-four Sayings which he would regard as authentic, and one hundred and three of doubtful or confessedly spurious character. From the first class it is worth while to mention here a few. Thus: "The weak shall be saved by the strong"; "Where one man is, there too am I"; "Thou hast seen thy brother, thou hast seen thy Lord"; "Whatsoever thou wouldest not have done to thyself, do thou not to another"; "There shall be schisms and heresies."

But Resch's collection is dominated by a particular theory about the relation of these Sayings to the Canonical Gospels, which to some extent interferes with its value, and his judgment scarcely keeps pace with his erudition; consequently the ground was traversed again with more discrimination, and with a constant criticism of his predecessor, by J. H. Ropes, an American student studying under the guidance of Dr. Harnack in Berlin, and producing his work in German. After putting aside more than eighty Sayings, which are not directly but only inferentially attributed to Our Lord, he examines the seventy which remain, treats more than forty of these as worthless, fourteen as of primary value, and thirteen as partially authentic.

This book is the safest guide to the knowledge which can be gathered from early Christian literature;¹ but fresh ground was broken in quite a new direction by Professor Margoliouth in his articles in the *Expository Times*, in which he brought together all the allusions to Our Lord's Sayings to be found in the Koran and other Mohammedan writings. These have a real interest of their own, though they differ in tone alike from the Canonical and from Non-Canonical Sayings. There is in them a frequent praise of poverty, of silence; thus Jesus was asked by some men to guide them to some course whereby they might enter Paradise. He said: "Speak not at all." They said "We cannot do this." He said: "Then only say what is good." Of charity: "If a man send away a beggar from his house, the angels will not visit his house for seven nights." Of recognition of good, where others would see only evil: "Jesus one day walked with the Apostles, and they passed the carcase of a dog. The Apostles said: 'How foul is the smell of this dog!' But Jesus said: 'how white are its teeth!'" They are the utterances of a wise, tender-hearted, ascetic man; they do not really represent the Christ of the Gospels.

It may with probability be assumed that the old material available for this study has now been thoroughly ransacked, and its value duly estimated. The hope of any fresh light can only come from the discovery of new material and in this direction it is difficult to overestimate the debt which we owe to Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, acting on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund. They have now discovered at Oxyrhynchus two fragments of papyrus, which not only add new Sayings but raise entirely new problems in relation

to their origin. The first of these, published in 1897, was the eleventh page of a book, dating apparently, from the third century, written on both sides, fairly easy to decipher, and containing parts of seven or eight Sayings, each introduced with the formula "Jesus saith." Three of these (1, 5, 6) only represent variations of verses in our Gospels, but four are quite new; one (2) represents Jesus as spiritualizing the observance of the Sabbath and of fasting; two (3, 7,) represent Him as sadly complaining that the world refuses to listen to His message, because men are blind of heart and know not their poverty, and though they listen with one ear, yet they have closed the other; the last (4) is of doubtful significance, but was probably intended to assert the reality of God's presence in inanimate nature no less than in humanity. "Jesus saith, Wherever there are two, they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say that I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I."

The fact that this fragment was one numbered page of a whole book, written in good literary form, naturally excited the hope that further pages of this same book might be recovered when Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt returned in 1903 to Oxyrhynchus and resumed their excavations there. This hope has not been fulfilled to the exact letter, for no further fragments of the same book have been found; but another papyrus has been discovered, which seems to represent a separate copy of another part of the same collection of Sayings. This papyrus contains on its front a survey-list of various pieces of land written in a cursive hand, probably about 200 A.D.; on its back, written in a different

¹ A useful collection for English readers, including the Sayings discovered in 1897, but not the allusions in non-Christian writings, may be

found in a little book by Mr. C. E. Griffinboofe, "The Unwritten Sayings of Christ" (Cambridge: Heffer, 1903).

hand, an upright uncial of third-century type, are parts of five Sayings attributed to Jesus. Unfortunately, the fragment is more mutilated than the earlier find; it has been torn right through from top to bottom, so that nearly half of each line is gone, and in the last ten lines the beginning is also gone. There has, therefore, been the need of much reconstruction before the text of any of it can be assured, but the editors have shown great ingenuity and wide acquaintance with the second-century literature, and have produced a text which can undoubtedly be accepted in the main. The document so reconstructed consists of an Introduction of five lines, followed by five Sayings, each preceded by the formula "Jesus saith." The Introduction, as restored, runs thus: "These are the [wonderful] words which Jesus the living [Lord] spake to . . . and to Thomas, and He said [unto them, Everyone that] hearkens to these words shall never taste of death." Of the Sayings, the first can be restored without any doubt as it is also found word for word in Clement of Alexandria; the other four have all of them affinities with Sayings in the Gospels, but offer also in each case most interesting variations and expansions of those Sayings. We will quote only the second, the restoration of the first ten lines of which, if not absolutely certain, is to our mind extremely probable and does the greatest credit to the ingenuity of the editors.

Jesus saith [Ye ask who are those] who draw us [to the Kingdom, if] this Kingdom is in heaven? The fowls of the air and all beasts that are under the earth [or upon the earth and] the fishes of the sea, these are they which draw you, and the Kingdom [of Heaven] is within you, and [whoever] shall know himself shall find it. [Strive, therefore] to know yourselves and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the [Almighty] Father.

This is interpreted by the editors to mean that the divine element in the world begins in the lower stages of animal creation and rises to a higher stage in man, who has within him the Kingdom of Heaven; as so interpreted it may be compared with the Pantheistic tendency of the fourth of the 1897 Sayings which we have already quoted. But we doubt whether the Pantheism is so subtle or so deep. The words seem rather to correspond to the lessons drawn from the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field in the Sermon on the Mount; they appeal not exactly to the divine element in the animals, but to their witness to a Creator, to His sustenance and support; they can tell much of the King, for they are His subjects, nourished from His Table; but man can tell much more, for his nature reflects the Divine. Let us place side by side with them the great passage of St. Augustine's converse with Monica on the same theme, the Kingdom of Heaven:

As our converse drew to this conclusion that the sweetest conceivable delight of sense in the brightest conceivable earthly sunshine was not to be compared, no, nor even named with the happiness of that life, we soared with glowing hearts towards the same, mounting step by step the ladder of the material order, through heaven itself, whence sun and moon and stars shed their radiance upon earth. And still higher did we climb by the staircase of the spirit, thinking and speaking of Thee and marvelling at Thy works. *And so we came to our own minds and passed beyond them into the reign of unfailing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, where Life is Wisdom, by which all these things come to be, both the things that have been and the things that shall be.*²

Such is a true Christian conception of the Divine element in nature, a conception which leads upwards to Christ.

² "Confess." ix. 25.

So far we have dealt with the intrinsic meaning and interest of these Sayings. But they have a bearing also upon the genesis of our own Gospels. In this line, too, Resch did useful work, even though his conclusions have not met with much acceptance. His theory was based upon three points: in the first place he drew attention to the fact that many of these Sayings are quoted in early writers not as "Sayings," but as "written sayings," as "Scripture"; they are introduced with the formula "It is written"; further, he noted that certain Sayings which are now found in the Epistles, *e.g.* "Of whom is every family in heaven and earth" (Eph. iii. 15); "Grieve not the Holy Spirit" (Eph. iv. 30); "Hold fast that which is good, abstain from every appearance of evil" (1 Thess. v. 21); "Love covereth a multitude of sins" (1 Pet. iv. 8), are in later writers attributed to Our Lord Himself; and combining these two facts he argued that they implied the existence of a written Gospel, earlier than any of our Gospels or Epistles, from which St. Paul and St. Peter had incorporated these quotations. Lastly he showed that several of these Sayings are found in Greek in two different forms, which look like separate translations of some underlying Semitic original, and from that he inferred that this early Gospel was in Aramaic. This theory, attractive as it is, has been felt to be precarious. It does not give sufficient weight to the unavoidable element of inaccuracy in quotation at a time when copies of books were not freely accessible; it does not consider the freedom which a Christian teacher would feel himself to have in expanding and adapting words of Our Lord in preaching and catechizing; nor does it take account of the deeper conception of inspiration which thought of the Lord as speaking through His Apostles, and so did not hesitate to

assign to Him what had literally been spoken only by them under the influence of His Holy Spirit.

The discoveries at Oxyrhynchus have, however, altered the whole aspect of the problem, for here are formal collections of Sayings, partly connected in subject, each separately attributed to Jesus, and all connected, as a whole, with a definite teaching to one or more of the disciples. What relation does such a collection bear to the Gospels? Are they extracts from our Gospels freely expanded? Are they extracts from lost Gospels? Or are they Gospels in the making, the representatives of a literary stage anterior to any of our Gospels? Critics came to no clear decision on this point in 1897, and although the discovery in 1903 adds some new factors to the consideration, it is doubtful whether even now any conclusive agreement can be arrived at. It is, however, worth while at the present stage to note how the matter lies.

The date of the actual writing of the present papyri is the first point to be ascertained, and with regard to this the judgment of the editors is not likely to be challenged. The only evidence lies in the handwriting, and this in each case points to a date between the middle and end of the third century—between 250 and 300 A.D. The collection was therefore regarded in Egypt as being of sufficient value to be copied out in formal literary writing by two different scribes at so late a date as that. We are on more difficult ground in trying to fix the date when the collection of Sayings which was thus copied by these scribes was itself made. There are three considerations which have to be taken into account: the relation to the Canonical Gospels, the significance of the introductory formulæ, and the purport of the Sayings themselves. The relation to the Canonical Gospels is one of great independence; the Sayings are at times

free reproductions of Sayings, which agree with them in substance, in the Synoptists; but they never quote exactly, and they are not dependent on one Synoptist to the exclusion of the others. In the same way, the Sayings which are entirely new, while never quoting the Fourth Gospel, have points of similarity in language and in mystical tone with it. They seem, then, to have originated at a time and in a circle where the four Gospels were not yet clearly separated off from all others and regarded with a special sanctity. It is quite conceivable that they represent a time when the material which they use only existed in an oral form; and both the editors and Dr. Sanday have accepted the date A.D. 140 as the latest date at which the collection is likely to have been made.

It seems at first sight a probable view that the collection was drawn from the Gospel according to the Hebrews, for one of the Sayings is quoted by Clement from that Gospel; but they do not give the impression of being drawn from a continuous narrative, and the reference to Thomas is inconsistent with all that is known about that Gospel. It is therefore at least as probable that that Gospel took the Saying from this collection as the reverse, perhaps more probable still that their knowledge of it is independent of each other.

The purport of the Sayings themselves carries us but little further. No single one has any clear stamp of heretical and local teaching. Though it is true that the stress on fasting from the world would fit in with Encratite tendencies, and though, according to Hippolytus, the Naassenes dwelt much on the significance that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be sought for within a man, and though the Pantheistic tendency and the stress on the knowledge of self would find a natural home in the Alexandria of the sec-

ond century, yet none of these thoughts is the exclusive property of any sect, nor is any found here pushed to an unbalanced and heretical extent. The 1897 Sayings do not seem linked together by any one thread of subject. In those of 1904 the Kingdom of Heaven is the link which unites the first three, and one fifth seems to lay down the laws of prayer, fasting, and almsgiving, and therefore is as closely connected with the first three as the sixth chapter of St. Matthew is with the fifth. The fourth, however, offers no direct point of connection with either the third or the fifth, and it is probably a fanciful refinement to attempt to trace any uniting bond.

There remain then only the introductory formulæ. Each of the Sayings is introduced with the formula "*Jesus saith*" in the present tense. But the use of the present is ambiguous; it is possible to press it quite strictly, as though the collection had been made in the Lord's lifetime. It is more likely that the present denotes the abiding value of the words of Jesus: "This is a saying of Jesus, still binding and true;" and this is probable if the collection was originally framed, as has been suggested by Dr. Burney, on the analogy of the Sayings of the Jewish Fathers, in which the decisions of the Jewish Rabbis were strung together with the formula, "*Hillel said*," "*Shammai said*." But further the whole set is now known to have had a more detailed heading, connecting them with a revelation made either to Thomas alone or to Thomas and some one or more other disciples. This has naturally led to the suggestion that the collector was compiling from the lost Gospel according to Thomas, but this view is waived aside by the editors on the ground that that Gospel, so far as is known at present, was a Gospel of the Childhood, and they hold that the writer meant to assert that St. Thom-

as was the ultimate authority for the statements. This is a probable suggestion, to which we would add the conjecture that if we had the whole book we might find that this heading only applied to one section of it, and that other sections were connected by similar notes with other Apostles.

The consideration of all these facts leads us to a choice between two alternative theories of the origin of the collection. It might ultimately run back to the lifetime of the Apostles, when some Christian teacher was trying to collect all the Sayings of the Lord which he could find and learning them from the lips of individual disciples; if so, we are admitted to witness a Gospel in the making. This collection would represent a stage anterior even to the narratives implied in the prologue of St. Luke's Gospel. There would have been first a collection of Sayings, with the slightest possible account of the circumstances under which some of them were uttered; then there would follow many attempts to throw these into a more continuous narrative (*ἀνατάξασθαι διήγησιν*); finally the fuller, more authoritative, form of the canonical Gospels, chosen out of rival claimants and stamped with the sanction of the Church.

Or, again, it may be a second-century collection, made perhaps for teaching purposes, gathered partly from oral tradition, partly perhaps from written collections and with a knowledge of the canonical and the earliest uncanonical Gospels, but made at a time when the Christian teacher felt himself at liberty to expand freely the exact form of the traditional Saying, possibly even to incorporate with it truth borrowed from other sources. Thus the second Saying, which we have quoted fully above, would be a fusing of the reference to the fowls of the air in St. Matt. vi. 26 with St. Luke xvii. 21, "The Kingdom of God is with-

in you," and with the well-known Greek saying, "Know thyself." We can imagine a young Christian teacher, trained in Greek philosophy at Alexandria, wishing to show what form the view of nature and the stress on self-knowledge which he had been taught would take when brought under the shadow of the teaching of Jesus. "This is what Jesus says, Animal life will draw you towards the Kingdom, but the Kingdom is not there, it is within you, it rests upon self-knowledge; but such knowledge will show you that you are not your own, you are sons of a Father, your nature is a reflection of the Divine."

As between these two alternatives it is difficult, if not impossible, at present to decide. If the former be true, it is interesting to note how at that early date Sayings akin to the Synoptists lie side by side with a tone and with expressions more closely allied with the Fourth Gospel, and strengthen the presumption that both are true representatives of the many-sided teaching of Him who spake as never man spake.

If we wish to get beyond this point, we shall have to wait for further light which may well come hereafter, since from the nature of this fragment the editors conjecture that the collection may well have included several hundred Sayings. Meanwhile all praise is due to Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who have not only carried on their excavations with undaunted perseverance and extraordinary insight, but who have deciphered and reconstructed and commented upon their discovery with a combination of ingenuity, of wise caution in emendation, and of knowledge of their subject which makes this a model of what an edition should be. The whole volume of the Oxyrhynchus papyri which they have just issued is, like its predecessors, beautiful in form, thorough in execution, and equipped with excellent indices, and they have

done a great service to theological students by issuing *The New Sayings of Jesus* as a separate pamphlet, which
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contains nearly the whole of their comment upon these Sayings, in a very cheap and most readable form.

DR. CHEYNE ON THE PSALMS.*

This work is published in place of a second edition of the translation of the Psalms, with commentary, which was issued by Professor Cheyne in 1888. That volume is justly valued for its vigorous renderings and its terse and pointed notes. It was followed in 1891 by the Bampton Lectures on "The Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter in the Light of Old Testament Criticism and the History of Religions." Though the premisses are often precarious and the conclusions questionable, these lectures are a monument of learning, stimulating and suggestive. To those who know the debt which Old Testament studies owe to Professor Cheyne for his earlier works, the present volumes will be melancholy reading. It is difficult to treat them seriously, but as the work of a scholar of reputation they cannot be ignored. They are intended for Hebrew scholars, and a detailed examination of them would be out of place here; but rumors of their contents may reach some of our readers, and while we do not anticipate that their speculations will be accepted, except perhaps by a narrow circle of admirers, it is quite possible that they will be paraded by those who are hostile to modern Biblical criticism as a typical example of its pernicious results, with the consequence that serious injury may be done to the cause of reasonable and reverent criticism of the Old Testament. The treatment of

the Psalms in these volumes will be painful and repellent to all who love them. It will seem to many to be nothing short of profanity. But we do not protest against it on these grounds, though we might do so with reason. Truth must be welcomed, however painful it may be to our traditional ideas. We hold no brief for the infallibility of the text of the Old Testament. We do not claim for it exemption from any legitimate methods of criticism. But the methods employed in this book are not criticism but a caricature of criticism. They would be equally objectionable if they were applied to a classical author. They would have to be classed along with what H. A. J. Munro, in the preface to his edition of Horace, calls "the maunderings of a Gruppe or Peerlkamp."

Readers of the "Encyclopædia Biblica" and "Critica Biblica" will to some extent be prepared what to expect; but even they, we fancy, will hardly have anticipated the thoroughness with which Professor Cheyne has found it possible to "Jerahmeelize" the Psalter. He holds that "the Old Testament is not altogether in its original form; it has undergone not merely corruption, but editorial manipulation. This is plainer in some books than in others, but nowhere, perhaps, is it more manifest than in the Psalter." The conclusion to which he has come "is briefly this—that we have in our

* "The Book of Psalms," translated from a Revised Text, with Notes and Introduction. By T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., Oriel Professor

of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Rochester. Two volumes. (Kegan Paul, 32s. net.)

hands, closely but not inseparably united, two Psalters—a newer and an older. The newer is preserved in two chief forms—the Greek of the Septuagint and the Massoretic Hebrew text." Underneath these he believes it possible "to recognize an earlier text of the Psalms, which approaches the form which they received from the writers or from the earliest editors." It is an approximation to this text—he would not claim that it is more, for his method is one which *vires acquirit eundo*—which is presented to us in these volumes. He is willing to allow that the newer—i.e., the existing—Psalter still possesses a certain value. It is even, from a theological point of view, the richer; and it is not superseded by the discovery of the older one. But the older one is, of course, in his view, the only source of any real historical information as to the circumstances of the Psalmists.

How has Professor Cheyne succeeded in disinterring the original Psalter, which has lain buried since, at the latest, the beginning of the first century B.C.? Expanding Winckler's theory of a North Arabian kingdom of Musri, probably in vassalage to the larger empire of Meluhha, which is supposed to be frequently referred to in the Old Testament under the name of Asshur, he assumes that "the deportation of the Jews which has left most traces on the later writings of the Old Testament was, not to Babylonia, but to that part of N. Arabia which was called by the Jews Jerahmeel or the Negeb." Jerahmeel was the name of a tribe, or perhaps a collection of tribes, located in the Negeb, near the kingdom of Musri. The Jerahmeelites and other neighboring tribes were the leaders of the opposition to the Jews commemorated in many of the Psalms. In fact, "the Psalms in their original form provided the necessary vent for the pent-up feelings of the Jews under

N. Arabian oppression." . . . "The Psalter is throughout colored by a reaction against N. Arabian tyranny and heathenism." But, strangely enough, the temple ministers at Jerusalem, or at any rate the singers, and the guilds to whose custody various groups of Psalms were committed, were of Jerahmeelite—i.e., North Arabian origin. Consequently, Professor Cheyne's restoration of the text presents this startling phenomenon, that in the titles of the Psalms Jerahmeelite and kindred names denote the custodians of the sacred poetry of the Jews, while in the Psalms themselves (and occasionally in the titles also where these refer to the subject of the Psalms) they denote the bitterest enemies of the chosen people. We rub our eyes as we read, but we believe we are not misrepresenting Professor Cheyne. The obscurity of the Psalm-titles is notorious, but he has only to touch them with his magic wand, and *Alamoth* and *Mahalath* and *Al-tasheth* are seen to be corruptions of "the Ishmaelites," "the Jerahmeelites," "the Maachathites," and so forth. "The Chief Musician" becomes "Jerahmeel-Ashhur"; "A Song, a Psalm," becomes "Ashhur-Jerahmeel." Our old friend "Selah" has often supplanted Jerahmeel. We thought that we knew what "Hallelujah" meant, but we were wrong. It is corrupt. It must be replaced by "Of the Jerahmeelites." But the supreme triumph of this conjuring is the transformation of "David" into "Arab-ethan." These words and phrases relate to the singing guilds:—

If there was any general term for the singers other than [the word which is generally rendered "singers"] it was probably (as we may infer from the titles of the Psalms), "Asshur-jerahmeel," or "Jerahmeelites," or "Ishmaelites." The last of these names has also perpetuated itself (in a disguised form) in the title of a later collection of Psalms, the so-called *Ψαλμοὶ Δαυὶδ Ἀραβῆ*—Arabethan, however, is little less widely

spread as the title of a great singing guild or company. . . . The Korhites (Korahites) may have been a different guild. . . . But all these names, when closely examined, turn out to come from the Negeb, or N. Arabian border-land, and to be, genealogically, closely related.

But, as we have mentioned already, some of the titles refer to the contents of the Psalms; and here we meet with the same names as the enemies of the Jews. Thus on the titles of Psalms xviii., xxxvi., we read, "After 'of Jerahmeel-asshur' ('Deposited') read 'Of Arab-jerahmeel'; and in Psalm xviii., after 'Of Arab-ethan' insert 'Of Jerahmeel-asshur.'" And for the contents of Psalm xviii., "The words of Israel in the day that Yahwè delivers him from the hands of all the Arabians and from Jerahmeel (Ishmael)." That of Psalm xxxiv. is apparently (for one version is given in the commentary and another in the introduction) to be read:—

Of Arab-ethan. When Maacath, the benè Arab-jerahmeel, and Ashhur are plucked up.

The text of the Psalms has been rewritten—we cannot call it revised or amended—upon the basis of this North-Arabian Jerahmeelite theory. Jerahmeel appears on almost every page. We can only quote a few examples. *Ex pede Herculem*. This is from the 24th Psalm:—

Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Yea, lift yourselves up, ye portals of
Jerahmeel,
That the King of Glory may enter!
(xxiv. 7).

Upon this Professor Cheyne comments:—

Does this mean the gates of Jerusalem which was originally peopled by Jerahmeelites . . . , and in Isalah's time could practically be called "Jerahmeel"

. . . or the chief city of the Jerahmeelites?

Here is the beginning of the 29th Psalm:—

Ascribe unto Yahwè, O ye sons of
Jerahmeel,
Ascribe unto Yahwè glory and strength:
Ascribe glory, O ye Ishmaelites, unto
Yahwè,
Worship Yahwè, Rehoboth and Cush.
(xxix., 1, 2.)

The explanation offered is that

At the point of time assumed by the psalmist the "lighting down" of Yahwè's "arm" has taken place, and the surviving Jerahmeelites are expected to do homage to their all-righteous sovereign.

In place of the familiar words of the 95th Psalm,

The sea is His and He made it.
And His hands formed the dry land.

we are now to read

Whose is Jerahmeel—he made it.
Ishmael—his hands formed it,

Instead of the majestic opening words of Psalm xc. we are offered

O Lord! thou wast our stronghold,
Our God age after age,
Before thou didst exalt Jerahmeel,
And didst magnify Missur and Ishmael.
Mayest thou put Ishmael to flight,
And say, Be disappointed, ye sons of
Edom!
For the Jerahmeelites tread thy people
down,
The Ishmaelites, the Arabians, and the
Misrites.

The following, we are told, may represent something like the opening verses of Psalm cxxxix., concerning which Professor Cheyne justly remarks (supposing his theories to be true) that "no psalm shows more clearly the liberty taken by the editors of the Psalms, and the skill with which they

engrafted new ideas upon the old stock."

O Yahwè! thou hast rooted up Zarephath,

It is thou that hast cut down Maacath;
Ashhur and Arabia thou hast scattered,
All Jerahmeel thou hast subdued.

But enough. It is painful to be compelled to quote such trash, offered in exchange for sacred and ennobling words. We think that after reading these specimens of what Professor Cheyne proposes as the original form of the Psalms our readers will be as much at a loss as we are to understand what he means by saying that in his treatment of the text he has not "given the reins to fancy," a course which "was only permissible in the first half of the last century." What, then, are his guiding principles? First, the occurrence of a vertical stroke called Pasek and Legarmeh in the Hebrew text is taken as an indication of the corruption or manipulation of the text; secondly, the versions have been used; thirdly, experience of the habits of the scribes and editors in dealing with indistinctly written or unintelligible passages has been brought to bear; fourthly, the control derived from the North Arabian theory has been welcomed; and, lastly, the claims of metre have been considered. It may be true, though it is not proven, that certain marks in the Massoretic text indicate the presence of glosses or ancient suspicions of the integrity of the text. It may be true, though comparatively few scholars are at present prepared to accept it, at any rate in the form in which it is presented by Professors Cheyne and Winckler, that the new North Arabian theory throws light upon many obscure passages of the Old Testament. But granting that the text is corrupt and the theory true, it is wholly incredible that any scholar in the twentieth century should be able

to produce the true text by a process of pure conjecture. Conjectural emendation certainly has a place in the treatment of the text of the Old Testament, but its application has an extremely limited range. There is not a shred of real evidence that the text of the Old Testament was transformed by scribes and editors in the way which Professor Cheyne postulates. The readings which he proposes have not a vestige of support from the ancient versions. They are the mere creation of his own brain. They have no authority but his own *ipse dixit*. They rest entirely upon the North Arabian theory, and, therefore, they cannot support it. He has made up his mind that that theory is true, and has set to work to rewrite the Old Testament to suit it. It cannot be too emphatically asserted that fantastic and arbitrary emendation of this kind is not scholarly criticism. It is painful to have to write this, but in the interests of the study of the Old Testament it is necessary to speak plainly. Professor Cheyne's methods differ *toto caelo* from those of criticism in the hands of its rational exponents such as Professor Driver, and his results must not be quoted in the condemnation of it.

Of the two Psalters which Professor Cheyne distinguishes, we have no hesitation in preferring that which he calls the "newer," the existence of which, however, can be traced for twenty centuries at the very least. As literature not less than for purposes of devotion it is vastly superior to that "older" one which he thinks he has recovered. And as for the historical value of his novel text, he would, indeed, be a rash man who would treat twentieth century guess-work as an authoritative source of information. If Professor Cheyne's hypothesis were conceivably true, we could only feel profoundly grateful to the scribes and editors who swept Jerahmeel and all his con-

geners out of the Psalter, and left the Psalms in that form in which they have entered so deeply into human life; so that, in the eloquent language of Mr. Prothero's fascinating volume, "surviving all the changes in Church and State, in modes of thought, in

London Times.

habits of life, in forms of expression, the Psalms, as devotional exercises, have sunk into our hearts; as sublime poetry, have fired our imagination; as illustrations of human life, have arrested our minds and stored our memories."

RUSSIA AT SEA AND AT HOME.

So far as they go, the statements made by the Foreign Secretary in the Upper, and by the Prime Minister in the Lower, House, on Thursday in regard to the Russian seizures of British ships are satisfactory. There has been no wish in this country to press heavily upon Russia at a time when she is undergoing almost daily reverses in the field. Nor has public opinion here failed to recognize that, as Mr. Balfour reminds the House of Commons and the country, "the belligerent of to-day will be the neutral of to-morrow, and the neutral of to-day may be the belligerent of to-morrow," and that we must, therefore, be careful lest by any precedent established by our action in our present capacity we unduly fetter our liberties at some future time. Every belligerent has an undoubted right, through his regular ships of war, to stop any neutral merchant ship in order to ascertain if she carries contraband, to examine her cargo with that view, and in case of suspicion, to put a prize crew on board of her, and navigate her to a port where the question can be determined before a proper Court. But Russia has done a great deal more than exercise rights of the kind just indicated in regard to British merchant vessels. The Red Sea seizures have been carried out by ships which either are not regular ships of war, or, if they are, have only reached

the waters in which they seized British ships by committing a breach of the Treaty law of Europe, in coming through the Straits from the Black Sea. The British Government based their representations to that of Russia in regard to the case of the *Malacca*, "mainly upon the character and antecedents of the ship by which the seizure was made." Assuming, as they were diplomatically correct in doing, that when the *Smolensk*, of the so-called Volunteer Fleet, came through the Dardanelles she was a "peaceful vessel," it seemed to the King's Government "intolerable that within a short space of time she should be transformed into a ship of war, and should be found harrying neutral commerce in the waters of the Red Sea." In that sense, and principally, they protested against the seizure of the *Malacca*, pointing out, however, secondarily, that the munitions of war on board of her were the property of the British Government (being destined for Singapore and Hong-kong), and could not therefore be considered as contraband. The result has been, first, that the release of the *Malacca* was ordered and has been carried out, so that she again flies the British flag; and, in the second place, that orders have been given from St. Petersburg "to prevent a recurrence of any similar captures by ships of the Volunteer Fleet," and to annul

any captures occurring before those orders could be received—which annulment has taken effect in the case of the *Ardo* and *Formosa*. Further, the British Government have been informed that the Volunteer ships are to be withdrawn from the Red Sea, and not employed as cruisers for the visitation of neutral vessels in any other waters.

Lord Lansdowne appears justified in claiming that the immediate international difficulty created by the Red Sea seizures has thus been altogether removed, and with it an obstacle which would almost certainly have proved fatal to the cool consideration of the questions of principle involved in the status of ships of the Russian Volunteer Fleet which have come through the Straits. These questions cannot be settled offhand, and for the present all that need be said with regard to them is that Russia cannot possibly expect to "have it both ways"—to enjoy that is to say, the privilege of sending what are practically warships of her own out through the straits, and at the same time to exclude the entry through them of the veritable warships of other nations. The questions, however, which, for the time, demand the most anxious attention of the British Government are those of the rights exerciseable against neutral vessels by the regular and legitimate warships of Russia. Both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary condemned in very strong terms—Lord Lansdowne going so far as to denounce as an "outrage"—the conduct, of the Russian cruisers from Vladivostok which sunk the British ship *Knight Commander* "after what appears to have been a very perfunctory examination" of her cargo. "Upon no hypothesis of international law"—to quote Lord Lansdowne's words—can it be conceived that a neutral ship, even if she had contraband of war on board (which is

strenuously denied by the American firm whose goods the *Knight Commander* was carrying) could justifiably be destroyed on the mere fiat of a naval officer, without reference to a properly constituted Court. On this subject, and in this sense, the British Government have made emphatic protest to St. Petersburg. The manner in which the Russian Government have met them in regard to the Red Sea seizures make the King's Ministers confident that the action of the naval officer who ordered the destruction of the *Knight Commander* will be disavowed. There can be no doubt that in this connection we shall have the moral, and probably the official, support of the United States, and it appears incredible that the Russian Government can care to set itself against what would, indeed, be the whole of civilized opinion, and in such a cause to incur an overpowering addition to the dangers with which it is already struggling so inadequately.

The only possible theory on which a contrary expectation could be entertained would be that Russia had persuaded herself that her "face" might in some measure be "saved," at home if not abroad, by a course of action which would force other Powers to make war upon her, and so enable her to say that she had yielded, in the end, not to the despised yellow islanders, whom, with a little more time to spare, she could have succeeded in chastising according to their deserts, but to an overwhelming combination of enemies. This is not absolutely inconceivable, and we do not feel sure that its improbability has been enhanced by the butchery of M. de Plehve. Without doubt, that sanguinary deed will be regarded by the Tsar and his surviving advisers as a symptom, which it is, of the revengeful passions which have been excited in almost every possible direction by the policy of repression and oppression of which the late Minis-

ter of the Interior was the embodiment and relentless agent, and they may believe that a practical capitulation to Japan alone would be the signal for a great military reinforcement of a growing movement against the existing régime or its present representatives. On the other hand, they may possibly believe that, if war with any European Power were added to their troubles a patriotic reaction would occur. The situation, in fact, is so desperate that no issue from it appears altogether inconceivable. But, however that may be, it is clearly the duty of the British Government to pursue firmly the course on which it has entered of vindicating the reasonable rights of neutrals. To allow Russia, which always carries the policy of "trying-it-on" to the utmost limit compatible with safety, to es-

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tablish new precedents of her own fancy in regard to the rights of maritime belligerents, would be in the highest degree dangerous to our interests as the greatest of trading nations; and there is much to be said for the adoption, as Sir Thomas Sutherland urges, of a policy of resolute and sustained protest by His Majesty's Government against the indiscriminate extension of the definition of contraband, which appears to be enforced by Russian prize courts. In any case, it is absolutely necessary that all question of the right of naval officers to concentrate in themselves the functions of maritime judge and executioner should be at once and decisively cleared away, and that ample compensation should be secured where that outrageous claim has been exercised.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

The decision of the House of Lords in the great case of the Free Church of Scotland *v.* Lord Overtoun and others will be received by all the Non-conformist Churches of the United Kingdom with a certain sense of shock. It may, and indeed must, have consequences reaching far beyond the very serious issues immediately involved. In their powerful and luminous judgments the Law Lords by a majority of five to two lay it down as a principle that no Church, unless it possesses a deed specially and clearly reserving that power, has the right to alter its own creed at its own discretion. That is to say, if for the sake of unity or comprehension, or to meet the claims of advancing intelligence, it does so alter it, a minority of dissentients, however minute, may declare themselves to constitute the only true

Church of that denomination, and as such may claim and receive the whole corporate property of the Church which was bequeathed under the original formularies of belief. The case came up in a way which makes the judgment singularly distinct. The Free Church of Scotland in the year 1900 agreed to a junction with the Church of the United Presbyterians, a body older than itself, but professing, as both Churches believed, substantially the same doctrines. So little opposition was there, and so little fear of any but beneficial consequences from the union, that the vote which sanctioned, and so to speak legalized, the junction was carried in the General Assembly of the Free Church by a majority of 643 to 27. The only dissidents, in fact, were a few ministers, some twenty-four in number, mainly Highlanders, who de-

clared, with the stubborn pride which in Scotland has so often marked ecclesiastical contestants, that they alone were faithful to their original formularies; that they, though a mere remnant, constituted the Free Church of Scotland; and that, consequently, they, and they alone, were entitled to administer the corporate wealth of the Church, amounting, it is reported, even if they do not or cannot claim the church buildings, to considerably over a million sterling. Mission funds, College funds, all manner of funds, belonged, they said, to them alone, to be administered by them in trust, as the only true and original Free Church. The governing men of the Free Church were, we imagine, a little indignant at the presumption of such a minute minority; they made, rather unwisely as it turned out, little effort at compromise or conciliation; and when the dispute was transferred to the Law Courts, they fought the claim straight. Most of them held, indeed, we fancy, as English laymen certainly hold, the erroneous opinion that every Free Church can modify its own formularies at its own discretion. In Scotland they won, the Judges of both the original and the Appellate Courts giving a decision in their favor; but a Scotsman with his conscience or his intellectual pride on fire is a very dour being, and the case was carried up to the House of Lords. There, after days and weeks of most subtle argument, during which Lord Halsbury in particular, to the surprise of mankind, showed himself as learned in the ecclesiastical history of the Protestant Churches as in English law, the final decision, as we have said, was given against them, and they were deprived of property which they thought as securely theirs as if it had been conferred on them by Act of Parliament.

There is no contesting the legality of

the decision. It may be argued with reason that it is opposed to common-sense, for it can never have been intended that a minute minority in any Church should have the power to override the will of the vast majority expressed in the manner provided by the constitution of their common Church; and it is certainly opposed to public policy. We can imagine nothing more injurious to the community and to the progress of the human mind than the stereotyping or fossilizing of the creeds of the Christian Churches so that they never can develop with the advance of the general intellect, or even with the progress of scientific discovery; and the decision of the Lords, within the range of its effect, does so stereotype and fossilize them. It, in fact, punishes the Free Church of Scotland for modifying its opinion in a liberal direction by an enormous deprivation of property,—fines it, that is, heavily for presuming to think. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that the decision is good law. Money given to a corporate body for a lawful purpose must be devoted to that purpose, or the intention of the donors is frustrated. The first purpose of a Church in its civil capacity is to maintain its creed intact, and it is clear that the Free Church of Scotland in fusing itself with the United Presbyterians modified its creed on important points. It gave up, in the opinion of the Lords, who proved their opinion by indisputable documents, the notion that a righteous State is bound to "establish" the true Church, and it relaxed or denied the great doctrine of predestination by admitting that its operation was affected by the righteousness or the sin of the individual Christian. Whether those modifications are wise or otherwise may be matter for endless dispute; but nobody can deny that they are modifications, or that they affect the continuity of the purpose for which the Free

Church of Scotland originally obtained its funds. If, then, a donor's intention is always to be strictly interpreted, which is the permanent presumption of the law, the remnant or minute minority which repudiates such modifications has a right to administer the funds. The only question remaining, therefore, is what is to be done to prevent the sudden and unexpected impoverishment of the United Free Church of Scotland, now left, as far as its corporate property is concerned, at the mercy of a minute but recalcitrant minority.

It is a very difficult question. The notion of an appeal to the Legislature to quash the decision may, we think, be put aside. The Legislature may ordain, possibly will ordain, that every Church not established by law shall have the right to modify its formularies without thereby losing its right to its own property; but for the Legislature to make such a law retrospective, and quash a decision of the highest Courts as to the ownership of property merely upon grounds of public policy, would be a most dangerous precedent. It would justify an Act declaring that John Smith was not entitled to his property because he was a bad man, or because he did not believe in Fiscal Reform. No such proposal is at all likely to be made or listened to, unless, indeed, *par impossible*, such an Act were asked for by the triumphant appellants. That would be a very noble deed for them to do, and would at once regain for them that place in the regard of Scotland which at present they have forfeited by crushing a Church which they probably respect by a rigorous application of the civil law; but it is never of much use to ask of human nature more than it will give. The twenty-four are no doubt exultant at their success in maintaining what they think the truth, and inflamed with the hope of building up a powerful Church with funds which, as they honestly think, it is for

them alone to administer. They will hardly give away the whole results of their victory, or at least all of them will not; and if any two or three hold out, then, as we understand the judgment of the Lords, those two or three will be the true Free Church of Scotland, and entitled to administer its funds! There are, we fear, only two courses for the Free Church to pursue. One is to surrender their property, and trust to the extraordinary liberality of their members to replace it without delay; and the other is to approach the victors with a prayer for moderation and compromise. The first course is possible, for Scotland is rich, and its people, when exasperated by what they consider ecclesiastical oppression, will give with a liberality hardly approached by any other race; and the second must be practicable. The Highland ministers who have triumphed can hardly feel as if they had a moral right to the great fund which has fallen under their legal control, and can scarcely be happy under the idea that a majority of the Church to which they themselves so recently belonged look upon them as men who have pressed a legal right to the very verge of what most Christians believe to be the teaching of that law which they regard as higher than the decision of any earthly Court. They will, we may be sure, be reasonable, and we hope soon to hear that a way has been discovered by which they may maintain as a Church their somewhat rigid principles without impoverishing other Churches, or giving cause for the taunt that they assert the complete freedom of their Church from all earthly control, yet when they cannot get their own way they appeal at once to the authority of Caesar. When the compromise is effected, and the contest over, we trust that the Free Church will insert in its constitution a clause permitting the General Assembly to

modify its formularies—this, as Lord Halsbury explained, will completely protect them—and thus escape the reproach that, although free, it has a most imperfect power of self-control,

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and in particular can waive no formula for the sake of union with other Churches of similar, if more liberal, opinions.

LOVE-SCENES ON THE STAGE.

Undoubtedly, the passion of love is the best of all themes for drama. But it is not the only theme, and I regret that it is so regarded by our playwrights, and that, even when some adventurous one dares to take another central motive, such as the passion for gold, always must Eros be dragged in by the curls. However, my present concern is not to deplore this custom, but to note a rather curious fact in connection with it. In all these love-plays there are very few love-scenes, and these few are always very brief and perfunctory. Scenes of doubt and misunderstanding between the lovers are common enough, and elaborate enough. But, when the course of their love is running smoothly—howsoever smoothly—we have but the faintest and most fugitive glimpses of their so important love-making. What reason is there for this anomaly?

The reason is partly in the national character—in that self-consciousness which makes English people so very inarticulate, so very inexpressive of their emotions. English people often can and do, as is proved by the reports of actions for divorce or breach of promise of marriage, write ardent love-letters. Through an indirect medium they can express themselves finely enough (though I suspect that these letters are not so much a spontaneous ebullition as the fruit of a resolve to do what is romantically expected of themselves both by their

correspondents, and by themselves, and that a good deal of time and at least one rough copy are needed in the composition of them). Set the two people face to face, and they are practically tongue-tied. They can perform love's pantomime—kisses, clasped hands, and so forth. But love's litany is beyond them. They can deal only in the conventional formulæ of one or two syllables, or in the conventional question and answer. Anything like a gush of words or a flight of fancy would put them to the blush. It would sound insincere to them both. In only the tritest kind of talk, quite inadequate to express what they are feeling, will they dare indulge. "D'you love me?" "You know I do. D'you love me?" "Yes, you know I do." Of this interchange of question and answer, repeated at short intervals in exactly the same form, and eked out with a small stock of endearing ejaculations, is composed the English love-scene (whatever its duration) in real life. It is, no doubt, a very various and beautiful scene to the two persons by whom it is enacted. But transfer it verbatim to the stage, and even the most indulgent audience would presently be bored by it. Realism, then, won't do. On the other hand, the interlocutors must not be made eloquently expressive. Of course, in a romantic drama, with costumes of a bygone age, you may have a love-scene of passionate avowals in tirades, with tropes and meta-

phors, with sun and moon and stars. It is a moot point whether at any time in the world's history, and even in the most meridional countries, have lovers orally expressed themselves in such a fashion. No matter: romance is licensed. But if in the modern realistic or quasi-realistic drama of English life there appeared two lovers capable of expressing orally the depth and heat of their mutual sentiment, the audience would instantly and unanimously be rocking with laughter. Thus the dramatist is beset by two dangers: on the one hand, his love-scenes will be tedious because inexpressive; on the other, they will be ridiculous because expressive. It is, however, possible to effect a compromise, and the dramatist does his best. He tries hard for such a blend of the actual prose and the needful poetry as shall counteract the ill-effects of each. I think I see him at his desk, biting the tip of his pen, gloomily. At length, after a long mental struggle, he sets his pen to paper, and writes

Harold. "Mildred!"

Mildred. "

He paces up and down his room for a few minutes, and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, inserts *Harold!*" More pacing up and down, and presently is added

Harold. "My darling!"

Mildred. "My darling!"

(*They embrace.*)

Harold. "

He nerves himself with a cigarette, and writes boldly, blindly

The very first time I saw you—you remember? it was in the orchard."—(*She presses his hand.*) "*The apple-blossoms* He deletes the apple-blossoms, and hurries on to

"Well at the moment of seeing you, I knew—even then—that I loved you."

Mildred. "

After some hesitation, the dramatist

rises, puts on his hat, and goes out for a long, brisk walk. On his return he is delivered as follows:

And I, too, Harold, knew that I loved you."

Harold, "Dear one!"

Mildred. "Dearest!"

(*They embrace.*)

Such is the compromise that our dramatist makes; and really, considering all things, I think his work is as good as it could possibly be. But oh the feeling of utter fatuousness in doing it, and oh the fatigue of doing it, and oh the long refreshing sleep when it is done! I do not wonder that the poor fellow does it as seldom and as succinctly as he can. An Englishman is always embarrassed in writing a love-scene—always feels that he is making an ass of himself. If it be a love-scene in a novel, he can save his face by turning it from the lovers to the landscape. The lovers must say something from time to time; but . . . *All nature seemed to be holding her breath. In a glory of gold and purple the sun sank behind the western hills. A heron came flying across the lake. It tipped the water with a wing of silver. Somewhere in the distance a chaffinch was calling to her mate. Her insistent note . . . and so forth, ad infinitum.* Or again, if Nature is out of the environment, *From below there came to them, like the sound of some great distant orchestra, the murmuring hum of the great city.* Here follows the author's apostrophe to London, or to Manchester, or whatever the place happens to be. After that, perhaps, the lovers say something; and then, *Under the window a street organ was playing some waltz. For years after, Harold could never hear that air without living again that hour that he had spent with Mildred.* And then, either we are told that he could always remember clearly what she was wearing (this is described), and every object in the room (these are cata-

logued), or we have a disquisition on the mnemonic power of sound as compared with that of sight and scent. Thus in novels the love-scenes are comparatively long and elaborate. But the poor dramatist is debarred from the novelist's happy subterfuges. He cannot write around his characters. He must simply find in his heart words for their lips to utter, and kisses for their lips to exchange. Play-writing—I mean, of course, the writing of plays for the theatre: the only defensible kind of play-writing—is always, necessarily, the form of art least satisfying to the practitioner. It is but a series of suggestions thrown out in the hope that other people will, later on, make something of them. The task of play-writing can be tolerated only by a man who either loves the theatre for its own sake or is very keen to make money. For it is not a task lightened, as the task of writing a poem or an essay or a story is lightened, and transformed into a joy,

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by the sense of an effect that is being accomplished, once and for all, by oneself. Play-writing is so indirect and so incomplete a form of artistic activity that no man, however apt to it, can work himself up through it to any heat of creative passion. The playwright cannot lose himself in his task, for his task depends not on himself alone, and is his but in part. He must work always in cold blood, with an austere eye on the horizon, and with a pious hope for mercy from powers unseen. No wonder that he, working under these conditions, and he an Englishman, with all an Englishman's reticence in matters of sentiment, dreads the task of partially unpacking his heart with words for Mildred and Harold, and writing them solemnly down on foolscap paper in order that they may be hereafter spoken by Mr. Dash and Miss Blank at the Theatre Royal Asterisk. The wonder is that he does not shirk altogether a task so hard.

Max Beerbohm.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The centenary of George Sand has been made the occasion of a most interesting gift to the Bibliothèque Nationale, the famous letters "de Lui et d'Elle." These letters appear among the recent acquisitions as No. 10,369, "Correspondence d'Alfred de Musset et de George Sand (1833-5). The letters are already available to students, as well as the Zola MSS. (Nos. 10,266—10,355).

The Duke of Argyll, who first knew the late Mr. Quintin Hogg at Eton, has contributed a preface to his biography, which Messrs. Constable are about to

publish under the title of "A Noble Life." The story of his devotion to the young men of London, from his boarding of poor boys with his pocket money during his holidays, and his first effort as an instructor of youth with two shoeblacks in one of the Adelphi arches, to the founding of the Polytechnic, is told by his daughter, Miss Ethel M. Hogg.

Professor James C. Fernald, author of a number of volumes of helpful suggestions regarding the right use of words, has prepared a volume on "Connectives of English Speech" (Funk &

Wagnalls Company). These forms of speech—prepositions, conjunctions, relative pronouns and adverbs—are misused and overused to such an extent as to suggest a wide demand for such an exposition as is contained in this volume. Professor Fernald illuminates his definitions and rules with numerous illustrations of correct or incorrect use which serve to emphasize his suggestions.

A volume of mystical prose stories by "A. E.," the well-known poet, is going through the press in Dublin, and will be published before long. The stories were written some time ago when "A. E." was at work on his earlier volumes of verse, and a few of them were printed in the "Daily Express" of Dublin, when that journal was giving a good deal of attention to the writers of the Irish movement. Like all the other work of "A. E." the new volume will be chiefly taken up with subjects of a theosophical nature. It is hoped also that in the autumn some of his pictures will be exhibited in Dublin.

The "Academy" contrasts thus the methods of American and English booksellers:

In New York in summer-time I was struck by the displays made in the book-departments of various big department stores, and have often wondered why something of the same sort is not done by our London book-sellers and others. The books displayed were those suited to the season; heavy and solid works were there in the background for those who might want them; but the "display" consisted of light fiction, periodicals, topographical and natural history books, summer literature of every kind, all attractively and temptingly set out. Caterers for the inner man realize that it is no use tempting us with winter fare in the hot

weather. Cannot our booksellers realize that the same argument applies to a great extent to mental provender? Yet, as I pass the bookshops, there they are looking just the same as they did in the winter, whereas a tasteful display of summer literature would attract many a passer-by who needs light fare for his approaching holiday.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland adds two more volumes to its documentary history of the Philippine Islands. These are the 14th and 15th of the series. They are quite different in character. The 14th volume covers the years 1605-9, and is made up of a great variety of contemporary documents, concerning Chinese relations, insurrections, complaints of the civil authorities against the ecclesiastical and vice versa, letters to King Felipe, and accounts of missionary operations. The 15th volume presents the first instalment of Dr. Antonia de Morga's "*Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas*." This is one of the earliest connected histories of affairs in the Philippine Islands. It was published in Mexico, in 1609, under the special sanction of the Society of Jesus, and that portion of it which is translated in this volume covers the years 1493-1603, and narrates the history proper of the islands from 1565. The author was not only an observer of the affairs which he chronicles, but a participant in some of them, and he had excellent gifts as a writer. The occasional inclusion of an extended narrative like this among the mass of documents enables the reader to get a better idea of the sequence of events than would otherwise be possible, and presents them in their due perspective. The volume is illustrated with a facsimile of the original titlepage, and with copies of several quaint pictures by artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE SEEKERS.

Friends and loves we have none, nor
wealth, nor blessed abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and
the road, the lonely road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and
peace of mind,
For we go seeking cities that we shall
never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for
such as we—
Who search for the hidden beauty that
eyes may never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun,
the wind, the rain,
And the watch-fire under stars, and
sleep, and the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt
where beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the
sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant
people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners
are going about the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light
of the day is dim
And sunset shows us spires away on
the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the
day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim
of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor
wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the
road, the lonely road.

John Masfield.

The Speaker.

WANDER-THIRST.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond
the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst
that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to
bid me say good-bye;

For the seas call and the stars call,
and oh! the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs,
nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend,
and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when
once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls,
and oh! the call of a bird.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and
there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the
young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and
if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars
and the Sun and the white road
and the sky!

Gerald Gould.

The Spectator.

THE ROAD.

This common road, with hedges high:
Confined on either hand,
Will surely enter by-and-by
Some large luxuriant land.

The many wayfarers on foot
Have tolled from stage to stage,
And others roll along the route
With easy equipage.

All seek, methinks, that wide domain
Whereon my thoughts are set.
Press onward! Leave the dusty plain!
Hasten! 'Tis farther yet!

And in the end shall great repose
Descend upon my soul,
When, at the eager journey's close,
I reach the sudden goal.

Content, enlargement, fragrance, ease,
Joy in the evening's cool,
The subtle silence in the trees,
The gleam upon the pool—

Dreamer! In vain thou hastenest;
That glorious land resign:
Take by the road thy joy, thy rest;
The road, the road is thine.

J. B. C.

The Pilot.

